POEMS:

BY

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
60
APR

POEMS:

BY

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.

Plus apud me ratio valebit, quam vulgi opinio.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. STRAHAN, NO. 67, NEAR THE ADELPHI, STRAND; W. CREECH, EDINBURGH; J. POTTS, AND P. BYRNE, DUBLIN; AND THE AUTHOR, NO. 125, STRAND.

[1789]

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 APR 60

TO THE

Right Honorable WILLIAM PITT.

SIR,

UNIMPELLED by the common ſuggeſtions of ſelf-intereſt, I have prefixed your name to the following poems; it is not meanly to ſolicit the ſmiles of a miniſter— I diſdain the idea.—

It would not become me to ſtep from the pedeſtal of manhood, to claim that, which, if we may judge from conſequences, is the peculiar privilege of the children of Knavery and Ideotiſm, who drink inordinately at the fountain of patronage, and exhauſt thoſe ſtreams which were certainly inſtituted by Providence to ſuccour the progeny of Wiſdom and Virtue.

My motive is palpable and honorable —— to offer the only mark of reſpect within my power to a man, who has firmly proved himſelf, in an hour of much peril, the POLITICAL SAVIOUR OF THE CONSTITUTION AND CREDIT OF THIS EMPIRE!

I am, Great Sir,

And (what is more to your credit,) I am, Good Sir,

Your moſt reſpectful ſervant,

And grateful fellow ſubject,

Anthony Paſquin.

No. 125, STRAND,
April 7th, 1789.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
60
APR

A LIST OF THE SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

THE Ducheſs of Ancaſter
The Earl of Abingdon
The Earl of Arundel
The Earl of Aldborough
The Hon. Mr. Arundel
Sir William Andrews
Lady Andrews
Sir George Armytage
Sir Rowland Alſton
Sir John Gay Alleyne
Col. D'Auvergne
Mrs. Abington
Dr. Arnold
Mr. Anſell
E. Arrowſmith, Eſq.
Mr. F. Aickin
Mr. J. Aickin
Philip Adams, Eſq. 2 ſets
Mr. Almon
Mr. Allen
Mr. Armſtrong
Mrs. Armſtrong
Mr. Allanſon
Mrs. Allanſon
Miſs Allanſon
Miſs A. Allanſon
Mr. Armytage
—— Allen, Eſq. 6 ſets
Mrs. Allen
Felix Acheſon, Eſq.
Miſs Ambroſe
Miſs A. Ambroſe
T. Alexander, Eſq.
Captain Antrobus
Mrs. Antrobus

B.

The Duke of Bedford
The Duke of Buccleugh
Ducheſs Dowager of Beaufort
The Earl of Breadalbane
The Earl of Briſtol
The Earl of Barrymore, 2 ſets
The Earl of Bellamont
Sir William Barker
Lady Barker
Sir Francis Baſſet
Sir Edward Blachett
Lady Blachett

Sir Patrick Blake, 2 ſets
Sir T. Broughton
Lady Broughton
Miſs Broughton
George Blake, Eſq. 2 ſets
Mrs. Blake
Dr. Brockleſby, 2 ſets
John Bengefield, Eſq.
J. Butler, Eſq.
—— Barrow, Eſq.
Mrs. Barrow
Charles Badini, Eſq.
Count Baſelli
—— Boys, Eſq.
Dennis O'Brien, Eſq.
James Burke, Eſq.
Miſs Burke
William Baring, Eſq.
—— Byley, Eſq.
Mr. Booth, 6 ſets
Mrs. Booth
John Brooke, Eſq.
Mr. Barrymore, 5 ſets
Mr. Bernard
Mr. Barker

Mr. Baddely
Mr. Blanchard
Mr. Benſley
Mr. C. Banniſter.
Mr. J. Banniſter
Mr. John Bill
Mr. James Bell
Mr. Birkett
Mr. Bellamy
Mr. Brown
Mr. Bowyer
Miſs Bowyer
Mr. Baylis
Mrs. Billington
Miſs Brunton
Mr. Bullock
Mrs. Bullock
—— Brampton, Eſq.
Mrs. Batty
Mr. Robert Burns
M. R. Barker, 2 ſets
Mrs. Boſanquet
Mrs. Brereton
Miſs Breeton

C.

The Earl of Cholmondeley
The Earl of Chatham
The Counteſs of Chatham
The Earl of Carliſle
The Counteſs of Carliſle
The Earl of Clanricharde
The Earl of Clanwilliam
The Counteſs of Clanwilliam
Viſcounteſs Courtnay
Lady Craven
Sir Henry Cavendiſh
Lady Cavendiſh
Miſs Cavendiſh
Sir George Cornwall

Patrick Cochran, Eſq.
George Colman, Eſq. ſen.
George Colman, Eſq. jun.
—— Coſtello, Eſq.
Richard Coſway, Eſq.
Mrs. Coſway
Edward Carver, Eſq. 2 ſets
—— Callander, Eſq.
Captain Champagne
Mr. Collins, Saliſbury, 12 ſets
Captain Crouch
Mrs. Crouch
—— Crawford, Eſq. 4 ſets
Mrs. Crawford

Mr. Creech, Edinburgh, 25 ſets
Mr. Collings
Mr. Cleerſon
Mr. Cartwright
Mrs. Cartwright
Mr. Cubitt
Mr. Child
Mr. Conqueſt
Mr. Chambers
Miſs Chambers
Mr. Cunningham
Mr. Clay
Mrs. Clay

D.

The Duke of Devonſhire
The Ducheſs of Devonſhire
The Duke of Dorſet
The Earl of Denbigh
The Earl of Donegall
Baron Dillon
Lady Duncannon
Richard Daly, Eſq. 10 ſets
Mrs. Daly
Hyacinth Daly, Eſq. 2 ſets
—— Donaldſon, Eſq.
Weſt Dudley Digges, Eſq.
Patrick Dillon, Eſq.
Dunlop & Co. Glaſgow, 25 ſets
Captain John Drummond
Lieut. Col. Doyle
Major John Doyle
William Doyle, Eſq.
Dr. Dickſon
—— Davis, Eſq.
Mr. Davies
Mr. Dignum
Mr. Durham
Mrs. Durham
Mr. Drake
Mr. Diſſelthorpe, 2 ſets
Mr. Davidſon
Dr. Delap
Mr. Dunthorne
Miſs Dunthorne
Mr. Doolittle
Miſs Doolittle
Miſs F. Doolittle
Mr. Diller
Mr. Dewkſbury

E.

The Earl of Egremont
The Earl of Effingham
The Counteſs of Effingham
Lord Earlsfort
Sir Charles Farnaby
Miſs Farnaby
Sir John Freke
Miſs Edmonſtone
—— Elwes, Eſq.
Mr. Exſhaw, Dublin, 100 ſets
Mrs. Elwes
Mrs. Frederick, 6 ſets
—— Edwards, Eſq.
Captain Ell
—— Egan, Eſq.
Mr. Edwin, ſen.
Mrs. Edwin
Mr. Edwin, jun.
Mr. Evatt
Mr. Eſſex
Mr. Ellis
Mrs. Ellis
Mr. Evelyn
Mrs. Evelyn
Mr. Elliſon
Mr. D'Eſtampes
Mr. Enville

F.

Lord Foley
Lord Forteſcue
Lord Farnham
Lord Henry Fitzgerald
Right Hon. C. J. Fox
Sir Frederick Flood
Lady Flood
Worden Flood, Eſq.
Miſs Flood
William Feetor, Eſq.
Dr. B. Forde, 4 ſets
Mrs. Forde
John Fuzzord, Eſq. 2 ſets
Mr. Farren
Miſs Farren
Mr. Farrell
Mr. Fearon
Mr. Fawcet
Mr. Fox, 6 ſets
Mrs. Fox
Mr. Featherſtone
Mr. Farmer
Mrs. Farmer
—— Frazer, Eſq.
Mr. Fraſer
Mr. B. Fraſer
Mr. Fuller
Mrs. Fuller
Mr. Freeman, 2 ſets

G.

The Duke of Grafton
The Earl of Groſvenor
Lord Gage
Hon. Mr. Groſvenor
Rt. Hon. Luke Gardiner
Sir Sampſon Gideon
Lady Gideon
Bamber Gaſcoyne, Eſq.
—— Gilbert, Eſq. 4 ſets
Mrs. Gilbert
Captain Grant
Miſs Grant
Mr. Grant
William Graver, Eſq.
Charles Garth, Eſq. 2 ſets
Mrs. Garth
Miſs Garth
Miſs M. Garth
Dr. Giſborne
Mr. Giordani
Captain Groſmith
Samuel Gramſhaw, Eſq. 2 ſets
Mrs. Gramſhaw
Joſeph Gulſton, Eſq.
Mrs. Gulſton
Maſter Gulſton
Charles Comforth Gilſon, Eſq.
Miſs George
Mr. Gardiner
Mr. Gardiner, jun.
—— Giles, Eſq.
J. Gottwaltz, Eſq.
Matthew Goſſet, Eſq.
Mr. Goodall
Mrs. Goodall
Col. Glover
Miſs Glover
Mrs. Goldſworthy
Miſs Goldſworthy
Mr. Goodbehere

H.

The Earl of Hillſborough
The Earl of Harrington
The Counteſs of Harrington
The Counteſs of Hereford
Viſcount Hampden
Lord Hood
Warren Haſtings, Eſq.
Mrs. Haſtings
Sir Samuel Hood
Sir J. Heathcote
Miſs Heathcote
Valentine Hayley, Eſq. 12 ſets
Peter Heaum, Eſq.
Mr. Heaum
Jacob Hemet, Eſq.
Miſs Hemet
Miſs Jane Hallam
Dr. Hayes
Mr. Holl, Worceſter, 25 ſets
—— Hume, Eſq.
Mr. Harriſon, 6 ſets
Mr. Holland, 2 ſets
Mr. Heath
Mrs. Heath
Wm. Hawardine, Eſq.
Mr. Hedger
Mr. Hawtry
Mr. W. Hawkins
Mr. Hallim
Charles Hurlſton, Eſq.
Mr. Hacket
Miſs Hacket
Francis Higgins, Eſq. 3 ſets
Mr. Hull
Mr. Hutchins
Mr. Hutley
—— Humphries, Eſq.
Mrs. Hedges
—— Honeywood, Eſq.
Mrs. Honeywood
Miſs Honeywood
Miſs A. Honeywood
Mrs. Hay
Mrs. Hobart
Mr. Hopkins
—— Huſſey, Eſq.
Mrs. Huſſey
Miſs Huſſey
Wm. Hyde, Eſq.
Mrs. Hyde
Mr. Hatton
Mr. Holyoake

I.

The Earl of Inchiquin
The Earl of Jerſey
The Counteſs of Jerſey
Lord Jocelyn
Lady M. Jocelyn
Sir John Irwin
Miſs Irwin
Lady James
Miſs James
John Ireland, Eſq.
Mrs. Ireland
Mr. Jewell
Mrs. Jewell
Mrs. Iliff
Mr. Johnſtone
Mrs. Inchbald
Mr. Incledon
Mr. Jones
Tho. Jenken, Eſq.
Mr. Jenkinſon, 3 ſets
Mr. J. Jenkinſon
—— Jolliffe, Eſq.
Mr. Jerningham
Mrs. Jerningham
Mr. Jacobs
Mr. James

K.

The Earl of Kenmore
The Earl of Kennoul
Lord Kinſale
Sir Patrick King
Lady King
Miſs King
Wm. Kettle, Eſq.
Geo. Lewis Kohn, Eſq.
Mrs. Kohn
Dr. Kennedy
Mrs. Kennedy
Captain Kennedy
Rev. Mr. Kilda
Mr. O'Keefe
Mr. Kelly
Wm. King, Eſq.
Mr. Kearſley, 2 ſets
Mr. Kempenfelt
Mrs. Kempenfelt
Miſs Kempenfelt
Mr. Killeſter, 3 ſets
Mr. W. King
Tho. King, Eſq.
Mrs. King
Mr. Kippis
Mrs. Kippis
Miſs Kippis
Mr. Kirkman

L.

The Duke of Leinſter
The Ducheſs of Leinſter
The Earl of Laneborough
Lord Loughborough
Lady Loughborough
Sir Herculus Langriſhe
Hon. Mr. Leeſon
David Latouche, Eſq.
Mrs. Latouche
—— Lawſon, Eſq.
Mrs. Lawſon
Michael Laſcelles, Eſq.
Rowley Laſcelles, Eſq.
Alexander Lyner, Eſq.
Mr. T. Lewis
Mrs. Lewis
Mr. W. Lane, 25 ſets
Rev. Arthur O'Leary
Mr. Lea
Mr. Lee
Mrs. Lee
Mr. N. Lloyd
Mr. Ledger
—— Locatelle, Eſq.
—— Lockee, Eſq.
Mr. Lowndes, 2 ſets
Mr. Lamaſh
Mrs. Lamaſh
Mr. Lewellin
Mr. W. Lloyd
Mrs. Lloyd
Miſs Lloyd

M.

The Earl of Mornington
Viſcount Mountgarret
Viſcount Mountmorris
Sir John Mordaunt
Miſs Mordaunt
Julius Mickle, Eſq.
Mrs. Mickle
—— Manners, Eſq.

Mrs. Manners
Arthur Murphy, Eſq.
Kev. Mr. M'Nab, 2 ſets
—— Miller, Eſq.
Joſeph Mandeville, Eſq.
Mr. Mara
Madame Mara
Ed. Morſe, Eſq. Jamaica, 50 ſets
John Morſe, Eſq.
Mr. Morton
Signor Mazzinghi
Mr. Macklin
Mrs. Martyr
D. V. M'Donald, Eſq.
Joſeph More, Eſq.
Mrs. More
Miſs More

Mr. Meyler, Bath, 25 ſets
John Marſhall, Eſq.
Mrs. Marſhall
Leonard M'Nally, Eſq.
Mrs. M'Nally
—— Meſſap, Eſq.
Mr. Middleton
Dr. M'Dannel, Paris, 12 ſets
Mrs. Moſenow
Mr. Maynard
Mr. M'Cready
Mr. Morton
Mr. Marlow
—— Martyn, Eſq.
Mrs. J. Martin
Mrs. Martin
Mr. C. Maullin

N.

The Duke of Norfolk
—— Newnham, Eſq.
Wm. Newby, Eſq.
Mr. Norton
Mrs. Norton
Mr. Newbold
Mr. Naſſiter
Mr. Nevill
Mrs. Nevill
Mr. W. Nevill

Rev. Mr. Nicholſon, 2 ſets
—— Netterville, Eſq.
Mrs Netterville
Miſs Netterville
Mr. Nicoll, 6 ſets
—— Newburgh, Eſq.
Captain Nugent
Mrs. Nugent
—— Nollekens, Eſq.
Mr. Nixon

O.

Meere Ogle, Eſq.
Mrs. Ogle
Miſs Ogle

—— Oliver, Eſq.
Barnardine Ozolys, Eſq.
Mr. Oakes

P.

The Earl of Portarlington
The Counteſs of Portarlington
Lord Petre
Lady Petre
Sir William Pepperell

Sir Ferdinando Poole
Lady Poole
Hon. W. W. Pole
Rev. Peter Prendergaſt
Mr. Prendergaſt

Mrs. Prendergaſt
—— Platt, Eſq.
Samuel Petrie, Eſq.
Mr. Pope
Mrs. Pope
Mr. Parſons
Mrs. Parſons
Mr. Charles Phillips
Mr. Phillips
Mrs. Phillips
—— Phillington, Eſq. 6 ſets
Mr. Phillimore
—— Paternoſter, Eſq.
Mr. Paine
Miſs Paine
Mrs. Plomer
Mr. W. Parke
Mr. Hill Petch
Mr. John Palmer
Mr. Robert Palmer

The Duke of Queenſbury
Dr. Quenan
Michael Quin, Eſq.
Darwent Quin, Eſq.

The Ducheſs of Rutland
The Earl of Roſeberry
Sir Thomas Rumbold
Lady Rumbold
Sir Matthew White Ridley
Lady Ruſhant
Rt. Hon. H. L. Rowley
Colonel Rowley
Miſs Rowley
Sir Joſhua Reynolds
Dr. Robertſon
Dr. Rutherford
Mrs. Rutherford
Mr. Ridley
Mr. Rice, 6 ſets
Mr. Richardſon

Rev. Mr. Peters
Mrs. Peters
Mr. Paulins
Mr. Potter
Mrs. Potter
Mr. Penſon
Mr. Petit
Miſs Petit
Mr. Plummer, 4 ſets
Mrs. Platt
Mr. Penny
Mrs. Penny
—— Poignon, Eſq.
Mr. Payne
Mr. Parker
Mrs. Parker
Mr. Phipps
Mr. Pitt
Mr. Popham
Miſs Popham

Q.

Mrs. Quin
Mr. Quick
—— Quarle, Eſq.

R.

Mr. Richards
Mr. Rock
Mr. Ryder
Miſs Ryder
Mrs. Rowe
—— Rowe, Eſq.
Mr. Rowbotham
Mr. Ridgeway
Bartholomew Ruſpini, Eſq.
Bladen Ruſpini, Eſq.
Mr. J. Rogers
Miſs Reynolds
—— Ruſhant, Eſq.
Mrs. Ruſhant
Miſs Ruſhant

S.

The Earl of Shafteſbury
The Counteſs of Shafteſbury
The Counteſs of Stathmore
The Earl of Shannon
Sir Robert Smyth
Lady Smyth
Hon. Mr. Stafford
Mrs. Stafford
Richard Brinſley Sheridan, Eſq.
Mrs. Sheridan
—— Somerville, Eſq.
Rev. Mr. Stephenſon
Mark Supple, Eſq.
Mr. Smith, Gainſborough, 2 ſets
Mr. Strahan
Major Scott
Mrs. Scott
Mr. Scott
Miſs Scott
John Timothy Swainſon, Eſq.
Iſaac Swainſon, Eſq.
Iſaac Swan, Eſq.
Mr. Syfrett
Mr. Stodhert
—— Shepherd, Eſq.
Mrs. Shepherd
Mrs. Smith
Mr. W. Smith
—— Smythſon, Eſq.
Mr. Staunton
P. Stewart, Eſq.
C. Stewart, Eſq.
—— Stuart, Eſq.
Mr. Swinney, Birmingham
Dr. Smith, 6 ſets
Mr. Shipton
Mr. Shield
Mr. Smith
Mr. Sergeant
Theophilus Swift, Eſq.
Mrs. Swift
Mr. T. Swift
Joſeph Smith, Eſq.
Mr. Sheridan
Mr. Sillock
Mr. Staniſfield
Miſs Sellers

T.

The Earl of Tankerville
Lord John Townſhend
Lady Townſhend
—— Tipping, Eſq.
Mrs. Tipping
E. Tennant, Eſq.
Thomas Trotter, Eſq.
Miſs Trotter
Captain Trotter
—— Trevanion, Eſq.
Mrs. Trevanion
John Townſhend
Bonnel Thornton, Eſq.
—— Thornton, Eſq.
Mr. Thompſon
Mr. Tomlinſon
Mr. Tankard
Mr. Thurland
James Towers, Eſq.
David Taylor
Captain Taylor
—— Trelawney
Mrs. Trelawney
Dr. Tomlins
Mr. P. Tomlins
M. Tomlinſon, Eſq.
Mr. Tweedale
Miſs Tweedale
Dr. Turnbull
—— Teſſaert, Eſq. 2 ſets
Mr. Tellers
Mr. Tyne

U.

Mr. Upton

Mr. Ulicke

V.

F. X. Viſſue, Eſq.
—— Vincent, Eſq.
Mr. Vidall

Rev. Mr. Vernon
Captain Vernon

W.

The Earl of Wincheſter
Lord Walſingham
Right Hon. Owen Wynne
Mrs. Wynne
Sir Cecil Wray
Sir Clifton Wintringham
Sir Watkin Williams Wynne
Sir Hugh Williams
Lady Williams
Dr. Willis
—— Willis, Eſq.
Thomas Ward, Eſq. 4 ſets
James Walſh, Eſq.
Peter Williams, Eſq.
Miſs M. Williams
Miſs H. Williams
Capt. Williamſon, Royal Navy
Capt. J. Williamſon
Mrs. Williamſon
Henry Webb, Eſq.
Mr. Walker
Miſs Walker
—— Wynn, Eſq. 5 ſets
William Woodfall, Eſq.
H. S. Woodfall, Eſq.
Rev. David Williams

Llewellyn Williams, Eſq.
Mr. Wood
Mr. Wyer
Mr. J. S. Warren
Mr. Wheeley
Mr. Weſton
Mr. W. Wood
Mr. Wall
Mrs. Wall
Mr. F. Wall
Colonel Wall
Mr. Wright
Mr. Williams
Mr. Wroughton
Mrs. J. Wilſon
Mr. Wilſon
Mr. Whitfield
Mrs. Whitfield
Mr. Wilkie
Captain Walters
Mr. Walter
Mrs. Walter
Mr. J. Walter
—— Waterhouſe, Eſq. 2 ſets
Mr. Wyer
Ch. Weſtenra, Eſq.

Miſs Weſtenra
Mr. Wenman
Mr. Weſſop
Mr. Wilkinſon
Mrs. Wilkinſon
Miſs Wilkinſon
Mr. Waters

Y.

Sir William Younge
Miſs Younge
Mr. Yardley
Mr. Yeomans
Mrs. Yeomans

COMMEN-

COMMENDATORY POEMS.*

To the AUTHOR *of the elegant Poem of the* CHILDREN *of* THESPIS.

BANISH the thought—forbear to paint the ſtage,
A nobler theme thy talents ſhould engage;
Thy poliſh'd verſes trivial ſubjects raiſe,
And wond'rous place them in the line of praiſe:
Names which from thee their only merit draw,
As glowing amber lifts the worthleſs ſtraw.

Leave Politicians to their mazy wiles,
The Muſes court thee with their ſweeteſt ſmiles:
The powers of Martial's pointed page are thine,
The ſtrength of Juvenal's in every line:
Shut from your mind St. Stephens, and the ſtage,
Seize broader ſubjects—CASTIGATE THE AGE.
Our fading virtues—fatal paſſions ſcan,
Laſh the deep vice, but never name the man.
Let moral truth and ſocial love combine,
To ſpin the beauties of the lengthen'd line:
With works like theſe aſſert thy doubtleſs claim,
To live recorded in the roll of Fame.

Our

* At the inſtance of ſome valuable friends, of high eſtimation in the world of literature, I conſented to have theſe poetical compliments annexed to the Poems, which have appeared in the different periodical publications, ſigned with real names.

Our children's children o'er thy honour'd duſt,
Shall raiſe the ſculptur'd tomb and laurell'd buſt;
Inſcribe the ſtone with monumental woe,
While the big tears in guſhing torrents flow!
" Here lies the man—methinks the verſe recites—
" Whoſe pen reforms us, and whoſe page delights;
" Virtue and Wit moſt nobly were combin'd
" Within the manſion of his glowing mind;
" Unaw'd by menaces, by bribes unbought,
" He dare be every thing that manhood aught:
" Whene'er the wounds of Vice his pen reveals,
" Pours the ſoft balm, and, as he pours, he heals!
—" His volume calls—go—read with mental eye,
" 'Twill teach thee how to live—and how to die!"

WEST DUDLEY DIGGES.

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

Pandite nunc Helicona, Deæ, cantuſque movete. VIRG.

FOR thee, O PASQUIN! whoſe ſatiric ſtrain,
(Replete with attic ſalt, and juſt diſdain,)
Strikes ſhame and terror to the guilty heart,
And, daring Folly, wounds in ev'ry part:
For thee the virgins of the choir divine,
Th' immortal goddeſſes, the ſacred nine,
From Helicon's embow'ring heights repair,
To bleſs thy labours, and attend thy pray'r;
To thee, the ſcourge of Folly they entruſt,
As Juvenal ſevere, as Perſius juſt.
Aſtræas friends, with joy, thy juſtice own,
While Vice is tott'ring on her brilliant throne;
The ſons of Dulneſs ſink beneath thy force,
And Arrogance eludes thy dreaded courſe!
Still more admir'd than CHURCHILL ſhalt thou be,
A brighter fire than CHURCHILL's glows in thee!
Proceed, great bard, all meaner things diſdain,
And give a looſe to thy ſatiric vein;
Laſh Error, Folly, Vice, reform the Stage,
And blaze the Flaccus of the preſent age.

CAMBRIDGE, *Feb.* 10, 1789. W. WHITBY.

VERSES

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

THE BRITISH MARTIAL.

HAIL to the bard whoſe bold and manly lay,
Warms as it flows with a reſiſtleſs ſway!
With powers increaſing may his genius rove
"O'er the ſad ills that wait illicit love!"
Lamented CARGILL! * loſt, but not forgot,
The feeling bard has ſung thy hapleſs lot,
And thus recorded thy ſad tale will ſtand
A leſſon to the daughters of our land.
The child of Virtue in a diſtant age
Shall ſtrike her boſom as ſhe meets the page;
Then, ſweetly ſmiling, through the trembling tear,
Shall own that guilt, and only guilt, can fear.

Long may my PASQUIN glow with honeſt rage,
Long laſh the idle flutt'rers of the age:
Long may the richneſs of his mind expand,
At once the pride and terror of the land.
Thoſe hearts too light to hear the private friend,
'Tis only public ſatire can amend:
Then ſtill proceed, my PASQUIN, ruſh along,
In all the thund'ring eloquence of ſong.

View

* Alluding to her character in the ſecond part of the Children of Theſpis.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 60 APR

View Vice and Folly ſhrinking from thy lay;
View Reformation mark thy glorious way:
Thy pen, the lancet, ſtrike at all around,
Extract the core, and Time will heal the wound:
To cruſh the giant villainies be thine,
View Folly redden, paler Guilt repine,
Stung by the juſt rebuke which marks thy nervous line.

In ev'ry age keen ſatire's wholeſome ſpring
Has heal'd the wounds of prejudice's ſting:
Pure is its ſtream, its glaſſy ſurface flows
Clear as the day, and every foible ſhews:
Its genial influence mental health imparts,
The richeſt med'cine for corrupted hearts.
Its waters clear the ſickly miſts away,
That, riſing, check the force of Wiſdom's ray;
While brighten'd Reaſon, beaming o'er the mind,
Exulting views each faculty refin'd.

THOMAS BELLAMY.

TO MY FRIEND,

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

On reading the first part of the CHILDREN *of* THESPIS.

RESISTLESS bard! by ev'ry Science own'd,
Thou shalt be universally renown'd!
In PASQUIN's toils we more than Churchill see;
The fire of Dryden is reviv'd in thee.
With exquisite delight, my eye explores,
Thy glowing fancy's inexhaustless stores;
Well may you tread all competition down:
Originality is all your own.
More wit, more learning, has not ravish'd men,
Since Butler's Hudibras escap'd his pen.
With wond'rous power is the texture wrought;
Each line's an epigram, each word is thought.
Go on, and dignify this sinking age;
Make Folly fly before thy gen'rous rage:
Nobly avail yourself of Phœbus smiles,
And prop the virtues of the queen of isles.

FREDERICK PILON.

HOTEL D'YORKE, PARIS, *May* 8, 1787.

O D E

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

PASQUIN, can nought thy daring pen impede,
Or ſtem the venom of thy critic gall?
Shall thy effuſions make whole legions bleed,
And thou ſit ſmiling as their numbers fall?

By heaven! I'll probe thee to the heart's warm core,
If Theſpis hurl again his ſatire round,
E'en thy exiſtence, by the gods, I've ſwore,
To bring, by ſtrength ſamſonian, to the ground!

For know, that giants ſhould with giants vie,
And ſuch art thou, magnanimous and proud,
Diſdaining all who give thy works the lie,
And ſpurning thoſe who've threaten'd vengeance loud.

Say, ſhall thy haughty and indignant quill
Hurl barbed ſhafts, ſpeak Reputation's death?
No! I'll annihilate thy ſavage will,
And ſtop the courſe of thy infectious breath!

The

The fires of Ætna ſhall awhile be mine,
To ſet thy ſatires in a general blaze,
And from thy aſhes rebuild Folly's ſhrine,
That ideots may upon the ſtructure gaze.

Imperious tyrant, doth my threats affright
Thy yet ungovern'd and undaunted ſoul?
Or, rather, fill thee with renew'd delight,
Such as when Paris lovely Helen ſtole?

Yes: far eternal warfare is thy ſport,
With thoſe who will not own thy iron ſway,
For monarchs fear, and queens thy graces court,
And all the Theſpian tribe thy nod obey.

WILLIAM UPTON.

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

JUST Satyriſt, thy fruitful theme purſue,
Still hold the mirror up to Folly's view:
To her vain eyes each glaring fault diſcloſe,
That ſhe may bluſh ſuch errors to expoſe;
But ſhrinking from the public gaze retire
To ſome rude barn, where gaping fools admire.
There let her ſtrut, with buſkin'd pride elate,
Start, ſtare, rave, die, in mock heroics great.
Or if in antic mood the ſock ſhe wears,
Though her broad front beneath the maſk appears,
The loud applauſe from Ignorance ſhe'll gain,
In all that gives ſenſe, taſte, and judgment pain,
Still, PASQUIN, in the noble taſk engage,
Till Folly's driven from the Britiſh ſtage.
Yet, not to Satire is thy pen confin'd,
True Panegyric ſhews a generous mind,
By liberal ſentiment and taſte refin'd.
Where excellence broke forth with dazzling rays,
That excellence obtain'd thy glowing praiſe,
And modeſt merit with ſoft luſtre ſhines,
Set to advantage in thy charming lines.
Truth will approve, and brilliant Wit admire
A work that emulation muſt inſpire,
And envious ſcribblers muſt in vain oppoſe,
While only Vice and Folly are thy foes.

J. BUTLER.

TABLE OF CONTENTS TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

A Poetic Epiſtle from Gabrielle D'Eſtrees to Henry Fourth 1
Sir Paul and the Shaver - - - - - 25
The Sacrilegiſt - - - - - - - 26
The Origin and End of the Law - - - - - 29
The Remonſtrance of a Britiſh Shirt to its Maſter - - 38
Epiſtle from the Houſe in Cheapſide to the Villa at Hampſtead 43
—— from the Villa at Hampſtead to the Houſe in Cheapſide 46
The Tears of Ierne - - - - - - - 51
The Old Arm Chair - - - - - - - 65
An Ode to Friendſhip - - - - - - - 68
——— to Gratitude - - - - - - - 71
An Addreſs to Cupid - - - - - - - 72
An Epitaph on Mrs. Hackett of Birmingham - - - 74
———— on Mr. William Gardner - - - - ib.
An Elegy to the Memory of a Lady - - - - 75
An Elegiac Invocation to Time - - - - - 77
Verſes ſpoken in the Character of a Pilgrim - - - 79
The Brunette - - - - - - - - 82
A Hunting Song - - - - - - - - 84
The Path of Infamy - - - - - - - 87
An Epigrammatic Apology for Sir Joſhua Reynolds - - 113
———— Colloquy in High Life - - - - 115
———— Colloquy - - - - - - - ib.
An Epigram - - - - - - - - 116
Four Days Miſery - - - - - - - 117
An Epigrammatic Apology - - - - - 118
Colloquial Epigram between Mr. Roſe and Mr. Steele - 119
An Epigrammatic Impromptu - - - - - ib.
An Epigrammatic Colloquy - - - - - 120
An Epigrammatic Apology for common Robbers - - 121
An Epigrammatic Impromptu on ſeeing a beautiful Lady - 122
Epigrammatic Advice to a Lady of Quality weeping - - 123
———— Impromptu at Covent Garden Theatre - - ib.
An Epigram, written on the 5th of November - - 124
The Rout, an Epigram - - - - - - 125
An Epigrammatic Deſcriptive Impromptu, - - - ib.

The

The Batch of Iriſh Peers, an Epigram - - - 126
Epigrammatized Dialogue, which took place at Hull races 127
——— Colloquy - - - - 129
An Epigrammatic Apology for Sir William Chambers - 130
An Epigram - - - - - - 131
Thalia's Invocation to Mrs. Abington - - - 133
Monody on the death of Lady Harriet Elliot - - - 135
Merit and Envy - - - - - 138
Verſes written at Hagley in Worceſterſhire - - 144
——— written at Enville in Worceſterſhire - - 146
Ode to Simplicity - - - - - 149
Lines written at Fiſherwick in Staffordſhire - - 150
Ode on his Majeſty's Recovery - - - - 152
Plumb Pudding - - - - - 154
The Phyſician and his Patient - - - 158
The Serjeant and Drummer - - - - 163
The Prieſt and the Player - - - - 165
The Fiſherman and Cynic - - - - 167
Verſes written in 1785, on Stephen Rutter - - 169
Prologue on the opening of Crow-ſtreet Theatre, Dublin - 174
——— to a Tragedy performed at the Lyceum, Strand - 176
Verſes, on ſeeing the portrait of Mrs. Abington - - 178
—— on Female Inconſtancy - - - - 179
A celebrated Ode to Bacchus - - - - 180
Irregular Ode, performed at the Beginning of the World - 187
Kenſington Square - - - - - - - 191
Deſcriptive Verſes, extempore, at an Inn at Rocheſter - 193
The Letter of the Law - - - - - - 196
The Metropolitan Prophecy - - - - - 197
A Love Epiſtle to a Lady, and the Anſwer - - - 198
Matrimony - - - - - - - 199
Epitaph on an Attorney - - - - - 200
——— on a Phyſician - - - - - ib.
——— in a church yard in Buckinghamſhire - - 201
Ideas of Time - - - - - - - 202

An INDEX *to the* LIVES, *&c. in the ſecond Volume.*

A.	Page.
MRS. Abington	114
Mr. F. Aickin	206
Mr. J. Aickin	70
B.	
Mr. Barry	152
Mr. Bernard	239
Mr. Baddeley	73
Mrs. Baddeley	125
Mr. Benſley	57
Mr. Brereton	58
Mrs. Brereton	ib.
Mr. Banniſter	66
Mr. J. Banniſter	75
Mrs. J. Banniſter	164
Mr. Barrymore	83
General Burgoyne	120
Mrs. Billington	139
Mrs. Bates	148
Mr. Blanchard	187
Mr. Bowden	212
Miſs Brunton	216
Mrs. Brown	238
Miſs Burney	23
C.	
Mr. Colman	147
Mr. Cumberland	37
Mrs. Crawford	122
Mrs. Cargill	173
Mr. Cambray	236
Mrs. Crouch	51
Mrs. Cowley	160
Mr. Cunningham	211
D.	
Mr. Dodd	49
Mr. Dibdin	20
Mr. Dignum	77
Mr. Darley	203

E.	Page.
Mr. Edwin	144
F.	
Dr. Ford	182
Miſs Farren	36
Mrs. Forſter	70
Mr. Fawcet	79
Mr. Fearon	155
Mr. Farren	170
Mr. Fleetwood	14
G.	
Mr. Garrick	17
Dr. Goldſmith	229
Miſs George	74
Mr. Greathead	250
H.	
Mr. Hayley	32
Mr. Harris	147
Mr. Henderſon	149
Mr. Holman	131
Mr. Hull	248
Mrs. Hopkins	69
J.	
Dr. Johnſon	64
Mr. Johnſtone	161
Mrs. Jordan	54
Mrs. Inchbald	156
K.	
Mr. King	24
Mr. O'Keefe	146
Mr. Kemble	42
Mrs. S. Kemble	209
Miſs Kemble	61
Mrs. Kennedy	204
Mr. Kelly	164

Mr.

L.	Page.
Mr. Linley	15
Mr. Lewis	194
Mrs. Lewis	186
Mr. Lee Lewes	233
Mr. Leoni	168
Mrs. Love	86
Liſt of Newſpapers	255
M.	
Mr. Murphy	189
Mr. Moſſop	208
Mr. Moody	52
Mr. Macklin	127
Mr. Morton	232
Mrs. Mattocks	246
Mr. Middleton	134
Mrs. Martyr	225
Miſs H. Moore	250
P.	
Mr. Pilon	211
Mr. Pope	137
Mrs. Pope	199
Mrs. Pitt	182
Mrs. Platt	242
Mr. J. Palmer	33
Mr. R. Palmer	87
Mr. Parſons	60
Miſs Pope	47
Mr. Packer	71
Mrs. Pinto	222
Q.	
Mr. Quick	243

R.	Page.
Miſs Reynolds	142
Mr. Ryder	253
S.	
Mr. Sheridan, ſen.	152
Mr. Sheridan	109
Mr. Sterne	23
Mrs. Siddons	26
Mr. Suett	82
Mr. Staunton	94
Mr. Shields	214
Mr. Smith	39
Miſs Seward	250
V.	
Mr. Vernon	77
W.	
Mr. Wroughton	184
Mr. Williams	82
Miſs Wilkinſon	135
Miſs Wheeler	154
Mr. Webſter	77
Mrs. Wells	190
Mr. Wewitzer	224
Mr. Wilſon	228
Mrs. Wilſon	234
Mr. Webb	251
Mr. Wrighten	93
Mrs. Wrighten	41
Mrs. Ward	78
Mrs. J. Wilſon	80
Mr. Wright	85
Y.	
Mrs. Yearſley	250
Mrs. Yates	85

A D D E N D A.

Table of Forfeits at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden	262
Prompter's order for the ſtage properties, performers, &c. in Love in a village, and Hob in the Well	264, 265
Account of the Theatrical Fund	266
State of the Opera	268
The Fry	156

A POETIC

A

POETIC EPISTLE,

FROM

GABRIELLE D'ESTREES

TO

HENRY THE FOURTH.

" L'Amour baigne des plaifirs quil repand aupres d'elle,
" Au jour qu'elle fuyoit tendrement la rapelle.

HENRIADE Chap. IX.

TO THE

Honorable THOMAS ERSKINE.

SIR,

WALKING in the gardens of MARLI, *I took up a book, which had been left on one of the ſeats; on peruſal, I found it to contain a beautiful little Poem on the Loves of* HENRY THE FOURTH, *of France, and his accompliſhed* GABRIELLE: *as I thought the ſubject intereſting and tender, I have partially tranſlated it, and beg leave to inſcribe it to you, as a tributary offering of my reſpect. I have borrowed no more from* POINSONET *than the ſimple baſis of the ſtory; the imagery is my own. I ſhould not have given you this trouble, if you had not dignified a liberal profeſſion by your immeaſurable ability, and adorned human nature by your exiſtence.*

I am, SIR,

With great Regard,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

Anthony Paſquin.

No. 35, Great Marlborough-ſtreet,
December 5, 1789.

A

POETIC EPISTLE, &c.

ARGUMENT.

The Loves of Henry the Fourth and Gabrielle D'Eſtrees are too well known to render any prefatory account neceſſary— The King deſerted Gabrielle, by the advice and intreaties of Mornay — Gabrielle ſought him in vain, at length ſhe gives way to her exceſſive grief, and writes to her ſeducer.

UNGRATEFUL man! ah me, what fiend unkind,
Has drawn that ſentence from my wand'ring mind;
Come, my bright hero, diſſipate my gloom,
Come and arreſt me from an early tomb:
Behold thy * GABRIELLE's ſublime deſpair,
Aſſuage her grief, and ſubjugate her care.
Ah! whither has that manly boſom fled,
Where GABRIELLE once could couch her guilty head?
Can ſouls ſo mighty bid our ills increaſe,
And wound the object when they've ſtole her peace;

* It may not appear unneceſſary for me to mention here, that GABRIELLE D'ESTREES was the grand-daughter of the Grand Maſter of Artillery; — ſhe was celebrated, in her time, under the title of the FAIR GABRIELLE—ſhe was young, ſenſible, and alluring: ſhe loved and protected the arts, which is a very agreeable circumſtance to note, when we record the actions of a lady who commanded the affections of a king.—*Vide the* HENRIADE; Memoirs of SULLY; Epiſtle of M. BLIN, &c.

Shorn of her honors, of each good bereft,
Can you diſdain me who perform'd the theft?
Can Love deſert his fainting victim's cauſe,
Who knew her error when ſhe ſign'd his laws?
Can HENRY ceaſe to be the man he ought,
Why will he yield me to the ſting of thought?
Superior Greatneſs hails him as his own,
And Glory plac'd him on her choiceſt throne.
But yet I ſigh, and he that ſigh foregoes,
I ſeek his preſence, and he flies my woes:
I breathe my ſorrows, and he ſcoffs my fears,
I claim protection, and he ſhuts his ears.
Proſcrib'd from happineſs alone I live,
Pant to beſtow, yet want the means to give:
While Mis'ry cheats my ſenſe in ev'ry view,
And ſickens nature with a deadly hue.

Ah my poor heart! what black ideas riſe,
To rive thy core, and inundate my eyes!
Oft have I labour'd to defend thy ſeat,
From the rude preſſure of unhallow'd feet:
Some nymph more favor'd feels within his arms,
Her o'ercharg'd boſom heave with Love's alarms;
Some beauteous hireling ſmiling, to betray,
Some Phryne rais'd, the miſtreſs of a day!
Can Infamy have fetter'd in her den,
The firſt of lovers, and the beſt of men?
Can her baſe relatives have known the art,
To ſoil the chambers of ſo great a heart?

It

It muſt be thus, my ſpoiler's inſincere,
Our faith remov'd, we fancy what we fear.
And can I bear ſo eminent an ill,
Should not my vengeance execute my will?
Oh gracious heaven! ſanctify my thought,
Subdue the impulſe Deſperation wrought;
Impreſs thy canons on my troubled breaſt,
Compoſe my rage, and wed my ſoul to reſt.

The lawleſs libertine may rove, and find
Some nymph more fair, but can he one ſo kind?
By ſoft attractions, and ingenious mirth,
I brought the tranſport ere his wiſh had birth;
Explor'd with induſtry the paths to pleaſe,
And ſought his bliſs by nice yet juſt degrees;
To meet his mind with real zeady I ran,
And loſt the monarch, as I lov'd the man.

My daring will, in this perturbed ſtate,
Rebels and doubts the equity of fate;
'Tis hard to act obedient to thoſe laws,
Which makes th' event ſuperior to the cauſe:
Religion's children bid me be reſign'd,
But want the powers to enchain the mind.
Pour forth the moral with a lib'ral hand,
When all the paſſions war with their command;
Enforce my penitence, with holy zeal,
And prove, by reaſoning, they could never feel.

Thus Sappho ſwept the melancholy lyre,
Who ſaw the embers of her hope expire;
When cruel Phaon fled the love-ſick fair,
And left his weeping miſtreſs to Deſpair.

In thoſe deteſted fields where *MORNAY led,
My royal hero from his GABRIELLE's bed;
Where Death and Horror fought by †MAYENNE's ſide,
Where bigots trembled, and where rebels died;
I'll ſeek my monarch, mid the din of war,
Upbraid his falſhood, and aſſail his ear;
Sing of my grief and ſhame to vulgar ears,
And wet his blooming laurels with my tears:
How I beſtrew the features of my theme,
With words th' apparent iſſue of a dream!

Untoward

* DU PLESSIS DU MORNAY was one of the firſt Philoſophers of his age: he poſſeſſed the confidence of HENRY THE FOURTH, in preference to AUBIGNY and the DUC DE ROSNY: it was he who carried a white ſein to London, by virtue of which, he treated with QUEEN ELIZABETH, and ſucceeded as to the point of his embaſſy.—It is remarkable, that he never pardoned his maſter for having changed his religion after the reduction of Paris, but he confeſſed it to be the only weakneſs of which he ever knew him guilty—he was called the father of the Hugonots, and died in the ſame faith.

† MAYENNE was younger brother to the famous DUKE OF GUISE, aſſaſſinated at Blois, and of CARDINAL LORRAINE, murdered likewiſe before the eyes of CATHERINE of MEDICIS, on account of his being couſin to the unfortunate MARY STUART, queen of France and Scotland, celebrated for her beauty, her irregular paſſions and execution in the caſtle of Fotheringhal: what a complication of misfortunes to happen in one family in leſs than half a century. MAYENNE was excuſable, if it was poſſible

Untoward Mis'ry leads my ſenſe along,
Repels my wiſh, and amplifies my ſong:
For you, ungen'rous man, for you I've trod
On Honor's apothegms, and brav'd my God!

What has uprais'd a conduct ſo unkind,
Is Fortune faithleſs, or is HENRY blind?
Say can he hear his GABRIELLE implore,
And ſcorn the nymph who breathes but to adore?
Have I no advocate within his heart,
No kindred ſylph to take a lover's part;
To touch with ſympathy its tendereſt chord,
And wake the memory of Gallia's Lord;
Who taught his ſlave variety of pain,
Madden'd my intellects, and bruis'd my brain.
Can Wit's ſuggeſtions ſquare with Fate's decree,
When what ſhould not is deſtin'd thus to be?
Oh ſtrike me Death, while yet on Reaſon's brink!
While yet my mind retains the gift to think:

poſſible to be ſo, when bearing arms againſt his lawful king; for he had had two brothers murdered, and a couſin abandoned to the vengeance of a powerful rival: for what reaſon HENRY THE THIRD, who was at Blois, where he commanded the ſtates to aſſemble, did not proceed in form to convict the two rebels of high treaſon is aſtoniſhing, but they were loſt, and the nation remained unſatisfied: ſuch an act of prudence would have ſtopt that vaſt effuſion of blood which was the unhappy conſequence of the league: but HENRY put no faith in his counſellors or miniſters—his favorites alone were his guides, he thought of nothing beſide the gratification of his deſires — he forgot or deſpiſed the laws, and was, what he deſerved to be, finally their victim.

How oft has HENRY ſigh'd when *BELLEGARDE came,
And fear'd my heart indulg'd a double flame;
His anxious dread of what could never be,
Aſſail'd his reſt, but ſolac'd Love and me;
When recreant man can break Suſpicion's chain;
The tears of Beauty guſh and flow in vain;
Weak and half-faſhion'd are the boſom's ties,
When Cupid's minion Jealouſy defies;
The green-ey'd demon haunts th' impetuous youth,
To ſhake his quiet, but to prove his truth.

Tho' BELLEGARDE once could languiſh and admire,
The force of duty dampt his raging fire;
MAYENNE's dread victor, who the traitor ſlew,
Warr'd with his will, and e'en himſelf o'erthrew:
Ere the warm ſummer of my life began,
I knew, I reverenc'd the god-like man;
From him I learn'd at gen'rous deeds to glow,
From him I gather'd all the good I know:
My eager fancy fed on all he taught,
Who prun'd th' exuberance of pregnant thought.

The

* The DUKE de BELLEGARDE, Marſhal of France, and Maſter of the Horſe; he was the favorite of HENRY, and in his exterior, the moſt amiable Lord of all his court: it was by his means that the King firſt knew GABRIELLE, with whom he ſuſpected BELLEGARDE to have entertained the ſame ſort of connexion in ſpite of his attachment—to underſtand this ſubject properly, you ſhould read *Les Amours du Grande Alcande*, a ſort of romance written by a Princeſs of Conti, and in which theſe circumſtances are related with an air of truth.

The wild ideas of my youth refin'd,
And blaz'd a heav'n-born ſunſhine on my mind!
Young, active, valiant, bound with Glory's meeds,
He ſaw, and ſtrove to imitate your deeds:
Can you that favourite uncandid deem,
Who, copying HENRY, won my warm eſteem?
His pains, his pleaſures, like a brother's came,
And touch'd the trembling ſyſtem of my frame;
When the deep tale had ſummon'd joy or woe,
My boſom flutter'd, or the tear would flow:
'Twas Gratitude, not Love, that ſped the dart,
Which ſmote the Guardians who defend my heart:
If this was weakneſs, be its ſtings no more,
The error's venial, and the cauſe is o'er:
But Charity ſhould temper human ſkill,
Whene'er the Judgment ſcans the female will.

Thrice happy vaſſalage, exempt from pains,
When Paſſion's offspring ſmooth Affection's chains:
When Reaſon's more intent to ſerve than ſway,
And all the birth of ſtrife is who'll obey.

Oh ye *, whoſe pure and enviable ſtate,
Bears a broad ſhield againſt the ills of Fate;
Ye virgin ſiſterhood, whom Love unites,
Whom heaven approves, and Innocence delights,

Let

* GABRIELLE is here ſuppoſed to quit her pen, and addreſs herſelf to the *Religieuſes de L'Abbaye Royale*, where ſhe had received the early part of her education.

Let Thought, for what I was, pervade each breaſt,
Implore your God to give me back to Reſt,
Aſſail the throne of Mercy with your ſighs,
That Peace may dry the riv'lets of theſe eyes:
That Faith may vindicate her hallow'd reign,
And ſtill the fever of each throbbing vein.
While Commerce goads her babbling crouds along,
While Pleaſure carols her tumultuous ſong;
Untouch'd by all the flatteries of the gay,
Serenely ſweet, your beings paſs away;
By pallid Care's rebellion unoppreſt,
As Time's Calm movements leads you to the bleſt;
No evil taints the tablets of your mind,
Tho' ſocial anguiſh tortures human kind:
Thus * Leman's glaſſy lake unfullied glides,
While the fierce Rhone runs roaring with his tides.

Ah

* This is an alluſion to the Lake of the City of Geneva, whoſe walls are waſhed by the furious Rhone: the Lake is more than forty leagues in circumference: they have named the progreſs of the Rhone here, *Le fleuve bleu*, being the colour of its waves; they are palpably ſeparated from thoſe of the Lake, which are of a clear brown, like the Mediterranean, in a calm—the Rhone precipitates itſelf with wonderful rapidity, but without mixing, in the ſmalleſt degree, with the water of the Lake, which is always tranquil — this curious ſpectacle is not confined to the Lake of Geneva; as the Rhone at Lyons, where it unites with the Saone, flows nearly half a league, before you are able to perceive the rivers in union—that river, which the Poets have rendered famous, under the name of the nymph Arethuſa, empties itſelf thus into the boſom of the Sea at Sicily: to have a proper idea of this, you ſhould read thoſe fine verſes in the Henriade, which begin thus;

" *Belle Arethuſe, ainſi ton onde fortunée*," &c.

Ah me, my HENRY — curſe my truant ſenſe,
That mocks my wiſh, and ſtrengthens my offence!
Thy full-blown merits ſwim before my eyes,
Thy viſion blots the axioms of the wiſe;
Imagination, with a keen delight,
Brings you inceſſantly to cheat my ſight;
Oh! I remember, but that time is paſt,
The mighty joy was too ſublime to laſt,
When you deny'd all bliſs but GABRIELLE's love,
And woo'd and won me like another Jove!
When ſubtle Cupids, to their miſſion true,
Remov'd the helmet from my hero's view;
Then on my panting breaſt would HENRY ſigh,
As mortal Vanity in tears paſt by;
Then would you give a licence to your thought,
And utter thus, what every Monarch ought.
My fever'd ſoul abhors the tented plain,
That's crimſon'd o'er by Gallia's children ſlain:
I ſmite the land, I'm eager to protect,
With zeal implore them, and with pain correct:
Let by *D'AUMALE, they ſeek the hoſtile deed,
Oppoſe my ſtandard, but oppoſing bleed:
Unhappy men, to combat with their peace,
And drown that voice, which bids their ſorrows ceaſe;

What

* The CHEVALIER D'AUMALE, was brother to the Duke of the ſame name; an impetuous young man, but poſſeſſed of many noble qualities: he was conſtantly ſeen at the head of all the parties which ſallied from Paris, during the ſiege.

What tribute would you wiſh to prove my mind,
To Love to HENRY I have all reſign'd;
Bellona proudly combats by your ſide,
And Victory leads you like a ductile guide:
To both coequal in ſucceſs and arms,
You raiſe, you regulate the wars alarms;
In that enſanguin'd, deſolated field,
Where frantic myriads were taught to yield;
Where redd'ning Arrogance with Horror fled,
And haughty LORRAINE, with his legions, bled;
Your firm battalions, with redoubted ire,
Prevail'd, by following their maſter's fire:
With godlike aims you ſpoke but to ſubdue,
And Treaſon trembled as her inmates flew,
Thy *brilliant plume renerv'd the flying rear,
Thy manly voice exterminated Fear.
Thy charger foam'd along th' embattled plain,
And † EGMONT, limbleſs, found reſiſtance vain;
E'en baſe-born ‡ BUSSI, inſolent and loud,
Ruſh'd mid the thickeſt of a recreant croud;

The

* This paſſage is explanatory of the remarkable words uſed by HENRY THE FOURTH, at the Battle of Ivry, to renovate the courage of his ſoldiers——*Raillez vous à mon panache blanc*, &c.

† The COUNT D'EGMONT, ſon of the Admiral, he went to ſuccour the league, at the head of eighteen hundred Spaniſh lances.

‡ BUSSI LE CLERC, the head of forty deſperate confederates—all traders of Paris—theſe ſeditious men choſe BUSSI, as their chief: he had been maſter of arms—he was a man without knowledge, but reſolute, and poſſeſſed a ſort of eloquence extremely winning with the vulgar—This combination did the King conſiderable miſchief.

The lances glitter'd, and the cannons roar'd,
Dread ſhook the mighty, and the mean implor'd;
While the bleak ſifters o'er the conflict hung,
And hell was jubilant, and Minos ſung.

Oh! could I paint the triumphs of that day,
My lofty verſe ſhould riſe o'er Maro's lay:
Alas! I feel my faculties oppreſt,
The theme's too dreadful for my tender breaſt;
But grateful France will all thy merits own,
And raiſe, and celebrate her Saviour's throne:
The willing Muſes ſhall obedient ſing,
And pleas'd, immortaliſe her patriot king.

Unhappy Gauls, apoſtatis'd from Good,
What ruthleſs Fury has debas'd your blood;
By Reaſon's beam may all their errors ſee,
For HENRY proves a tyrant but to me:
May pitying wiſdom purify their zeal,
And all the wounds of civil tumult heal;
Sedition's race enlighten or defeat,
And bring each ingrate to my hero's feet.
His ſpirit trembled as he dealt the blow,
*Warm'd by Humanity, he fed the foe!
Renown'd Achilles, whoſe ferocious rage,
Reſplendent lives in Homer's ſacred page;

Or

* During the ſiege of Paris, HENRY permitted large droves of cattle to enter the city, for the ſuccour of the beſieged: thus proving his regard for his people, even in the hour of anger.

Or Perſia's chief, or Macedonia's ſon,
Or the firſt Cæſar, by his pride undone,
Fade in the page, now Fame aſſumes the pen,
Tho' all were Monarchs, all were leſs than men.
Trajan's beneficence uplifts his mind,
He feels that kings are born for human kind:
Auguſt, yet wiſe, benevolent, yet brave,
His ſword ne'er conquer'd to create a ſlave;
Impell'd by Equity, the ſtrife began,
He rais'd his arm, to humanize the man.

* Can Glory's laurell'd chief forget that day,
When firſt he left the battle's dread array,
And came, new trimm'd, by Cupids, in diſguiſe,
To combat GABRIELLE's honor with his ſighs;
To wound the influence of moral truth,
To blot each prejudice of virtuous youth;
Then frolic Nature warm'd my youthful day,
And ſmooth'd the windings of the ſocial way;
High mettled Mirth made ev'ry object ſeem
Like florid images, when poets dream.
Then was my peace untouch'd by ruthleſs kings,
Nor Woe's cold finger broke my mental ſprings.
Tho' clad by Terror, like the lowly hind,
Tho' Mars had half uſurp'd thy ample mind,

Not

* It was during the extreme fury of the civil wars, that HENRY, by the indiſcretion of BELLEGARDE, viſited GABRIELLE; he frequently diſrobed himſelf of his armour, to viſit his miſtreſs, and the firſt time he went, diſguiſed himſelf as a peaſant, and croſſed the enemies' guard, at the riſque of being known and taken.

Not half ſo beauteous was that Roman ſeen,
Whom Nepthe led to woo th' Egyptian queen;
Not beams more bright'ning grac'd that Angel's head,
Whom heaven deputed to the Patriarch's ſhed.
If you forget, ah me, that cannot I!
But man's great feature is inconſtancy;
Weakly her plaints, your lowly victim pours,
As the white foam that waſhes Mona's ſhores.
Oh! had I Amphion's lute, I'd tune my moan,
Amphion, they ſay, could agitate a ſtone.
My mem'ry whiſpers when my virgin heart,
Imbib'd thoſe pangs which never can depart;
When the poor flutterer trembled at your voice,
Ere Paſſion's regent taught it to rejoice;
Like ſtreams dependent on the ocean's force,
When the rude earthquake ſhakes their ſteady courſe;
Thus my ſtill pulſes quicken'd at your ſtrains,
Thus ſenſe impell'd the burthen of my veins:
But Love ſoon bade the fierce convulſion end,
And Tranſport hail'd them like a jocund friend!

Ye ſpotleſs few, who croud in Virtue's train,
Obey her mandates, and ſurround her fane;
'Tis your's to follow the beheſts of peace,
'Tis your's to bid unhallowed wiſhes ceaſe:
Meaſure the progreſs of my guilty fact,
If any guilt exiſts in ſuch an act;
Then aw'd by Candor, to the world relate,
The folly mighty, but the motive great.

My

My recollection portrays all the paſt,
The bliſs was ſure too exquiſite to laſt:
When HENRY's ſupplication fill'd my days,
And every echo warbled GABRIELLE's praiſe;
Train'd from my reaſon's dawn in noble deeds,
I ſung of Virtue, and I ſought her meeds:
My pliant fancy yielded to embrace
Thoſe laws of honor, which upheld my race:
Oh! heſitate, ye generous nymphs, I pray,
Ere ye condemn the tenor of my lay.
Knew ye the ſorcery that freights his tale,
Alas, you'd marvel not that men prevail!
A king, a hero, brilliant, wiſe and great,
Who ſeems the favor'd delegate of fate;
When ſuch aſſail the melting virgin's breaſt,
Love is all-governing, and fear a jeſt.
With ſoft ſolicitude, with matchleſs charms,
He came, he woo'd, he won me to his arms!
So regal Jove his tender wiſhes told,
When the high ruler found Alcmena cold—
He ſwore his love ſhould with his being laſt,
But ſcarce was ſworn before that love was paſt:
Such vows, like poppies, mid the golden grain,
Tho' gay, are worthleſs, tho' alluring, vain:
When Paſſion's tides thro' mans' ſtrong art'ries roar,
His heart reſiſts them like a flinty ſhore;
But our frail frames, like mould'ring banks, give way,
Our mind's unhelm'd, our attributes decay—

His

His bright, his keen, his faſcinating eyes,
Like wond'rous baſiliſks ſeduce their prize.
Go not, ye nymphs, you'll periſh if you gaze,
For necromancy warms their weakeſt blaze!
If in the vortex of his arts you're found,
Your agency will die, your ſenſe run round.
There Ruin's baneful circles never ceaſe,
Till central potency ingulphs your peace!

Oh! woman, woman, alien to Controul,
Whom infidels deny the gift of ſoul;
But may not half their obloquy be right,
As heaven has made our fence of worth too ſlight;
That weak-wrought barrier, wily men ſurvey,
Pierce thro' the texture and conſume their prey.

Imagination's flame, which fed deſire,
Rage has perverted to tartarean fire;
Fancy draws forth a half created beam,
Which flies Enjoyment, like a golden dream:
Celeſtial viſions ruſh upon my view,
Tho' vaſt, aerial, and, tho' bright, untrue:
As Jugglers ſleights, they vaniſh from the eye,
We ſcarce can wonder ere the Joy's gone by:
Thus, our frail yeſterdays', like meteors gleam'd,
Their evil's realis'd, their beauties ſeem'd.

Where can I wander from the eye of Hate,
What ſhade of earth can hide a wretch from Fate?

Thought,

Thought, like the keen-fang'd Eaſt, blights Life's young tree,
Predicting horrors that may never be.
Oh! lead me where the blue Soracte ſhrouds
His daring Countenance, in humid clouds,
Which daſh their wombs againſt his rugged ſides,
And deluge Ceres, with reſiſtleſs tides:
As the rich vineyard to the fury yields,
They bear a tempeſt thro' etruſcan fields.

When ſweet Aurora, with her vivid ray,
Unfolds the roſeate gates of ample day,
Tho' half our race, elate, the Goddeſs ſee,
Her burſting ſplendour brings no joys for me!
Tho' Onus ſmiles from his meridian height,
The fervid noon, for me, has no delight;
Tho' jocund Nature's rev'llings ſpeak his praiſe,
I deprecate his force, and ſhun his blaze:
Nor Eve, grave Eve, with all her gliſt'ning dews,
Can waft a balm to ſolace, when I muſe;
Save, when ſad Philomel's oblivious ſtrain,
Gives the ſtill world the progreſs of her pain;
But ſombrous Night more bliſsfully appears,
Who wets the Globe's vaſt mantle with her tears:
Then to fall'n Erebus I yield the moan,
Who liſtens as he flows, and gives me groan for groan.

Why was I born to feel o'erbearing ill,
Why was my honor ſubject to my will?
I know the man by whom I am undone,
That man's more radiant than the riſing ſun!

Oh

Oh with what pride did God create his frame,
When firſt he mark'd him as the food of Fame;
His boundleſs heart, which Sorrow's thirſt allays,
No cuſtom narrows, and no meanneſs ſways.
There meek-ey'd Pity in her minion dwells,
Unlocks its ſprings and governs all its cells;
Yet doth his glory ſo o'ertop his ſize,
That gazing millions meaſure with their eyes:
And ſcarce believe his vaſt atchievements true,
But look, and think, and wonder, as they view:
Thus Scythia's iron ſons could ne'er ſuppoſe,
That Ammon's arm could chain unnumber'd foes,
Their ſight deſtroy'd the legend they were taught,
So much can Rumour aggrandize the thought!—
Oh, my great HENRY! whither will you flee,
You're Fate, King, Lover, every thing to me:
A nobler ſubject never grac'd a ſong,
From Athens' bards, or bright Arcadia's throng;
Sweet as the cedar, lofty as the pine,
His voice is muſic, and his mien divine:
With him I'd climb the ſteep on Scylla's ſide,
Or ſtem the foaming of the Stygian tide.
Snatch the hot corſlet from the cyclop's blows,
Or ſweep from Caucauſus its antient ſnows;
Reſlay the Python, baniſh Envy's brood,
Or tear the famiſh'd tyger from his food.
Say, what is difficult, when feeling ſways,
Who infelicitous that Love obeys?

* Deſpairing

*Deſpairing Lovers can outſtrip the wind,
And leap the bounds preſcrib'd for human kind;
Not leaguing armies can repel their ire,
Or intercept the act from the deſire.
Love, like th' imperial eagle, proudly ſoars,
Darts thro' each miſt, and Phœbus' ſeat explores:
Tho' meaner Paſſions may invade the breaſt,
Love brings us nearer heaven than the reſt.—

That hour will come, and hours unſhackled glide,
Stealing ſome valued point from human pride,
When all thy errors ſhall thy ſenſe purſue,
And ſtand arrang'd in congregated view.
When pallid Miſery folds you in her arms,
And Death waits hunger'd to receive thy charms,
Then will you think of GABRIELLE you've undone,
Then wiſh exiſtence had not yet been ſpun!
But as my HENRY dies, for die we muſt,
Selected cherubs ſhall receive his duſt,
To no unworthy uſes ſhall it turn,
But fill and conſecrate a nation's urn,
To charm from peſtilence this envied clime,
And reſt coeval with the ſcythe of Time;

Then

* Such was at leaſt the ſentiment of RAMIR: this young conqueror, who firſt erected Arragon into a kingdom, always placed his miſtreſs ELVIRA in that part of the field of battle which he believed to be moſt vulnerable, "ſi la force me manque," ſaid he, "on ſi le genie m'abandonne, L'amour me rendra l'un & l'autre." That idea, ſo perfectly characteriſtic of the enthuſiaſm of a Caſtilian, would prove but a bad rule for a General, though it certainly was an undeniable certificate of his ſenſibility and faith as a lover.

hen ſhall the muſe of France uplift his name,
nd ſummon all the relatives of Fame;
er ableſt miniſtry ſhall write his doom
nd hang her greeneſt laurels o'er his tomb!

As blythe * VALENTINOIS, with choiceſt flowers,
deckt the choſen ſeat of Anet's bowers,
o cheer her faithful but unhappy king,
f whom we ponder and the minſtrels ſing:
en thus will I my creſted HARRY greet,
nd ſtrew the roſe, to hail his war-worn feet;
hen ſeize my warrior to my aching breaſt,
ipe off the duſt, and teach him to be bleſt,
y eager lips ſhall gather dew from thine,
nd all the rage of extacy be mine—
h! wayward fancy, why will you create
ch florid ſcenes to mock my wretched ſtate?
o ſportive frail ideas ſhould reſtore,
hoſe joys, thoſe revels, which, alas! are o'er;
hat hope's deceas'd who gave my youth command,
he quivering pen forſakes my palſied hand;
hick vapours circumvolve the viſion's ray,
nd Deſperation vitiates my day:
y boſom bleeds, th' aſſociate of Deſire,
y thought is madd'ning, and my brain's on fire!
h HENRY pity GABRIELLE's diſtreſs,
ake heaven's example and be pleas'd to bleſs!

Tho'

* DIANA de POTIERS, Dutcheſs de VALENTINOIS, it as for her that the tender and unfortunate HENRY THE ECOND of France fought the battle of Anet.

Tho' thus your adamantine will I prove,
Come, and receive the amneſty of Love!—
The laſt ſad tears that gliſten in my eye,
Expreſſion's ſtrugglings, and my final ſigh,
I give moſt chearfully to Faith and You,
But come, ah come, and own thy GABRIELLE's true!
Aſſuage the horrors of afflictive death,
Chear my laſt pang, and cheat me of my breath:
Then as I lay a lifeleſs heap of duſt,
Bereft of being, to my fame be juſt;
Place my cold head upon your ſteel-clad knee,
And bathe with tears, that nymph who died for thee.
Hark! hark! what means that tumult in the field,
What mean thoſe courſers, do the rebels yield?
See the meek dove, her milk-white wings expand,
Bearing her olive, o'er a woe-rent land;
The babbling trumpet rends its brazen throat,
And Echo hangs upon the martial note!
Such rapturous accents brought the ear delight,
When the Creator gave this planet light;
My fancy ſwims before the airy ſpell,
My heart throbs high, as if 'twould burſt its cell.
Has HENRY conquer'd, ſure it cannot be,
Is he victorious, does he live—'tis he!
Be joyant Nature, let high Phœbus ſing,
I ſee, I know the ſuper-human king!
He comes, he comes, with more than mortal charms,
I feel, I faint, my God, I'm in his arms!

SIR

SIR PAUL
AND
THE SHAVER.
A TALE.

SIR PAUL, a gaunt old ſinner, went one day,
To a barber's ſhop, to take his beard away;
But ſcarce was ſeated in the place,
When, zounds, ſaid STRAP, the muſcles of your face
Are all ſo lank, irregular, and weak,
So like, 'mong Catholics, a poor lay mumper,
I muſt inſert my thumb by way of plumper,
To mow the ſtubble from your honor's cheek.
If the big world knew not, my pliant muſe
Should tell that world how barbers deal in news;
And honeſt STRAP, who, like the reſt,
Was fond of politics and eke a jeſt,
About the Whigs and Tories 'gan to prate,
And poor Britannia's ſtate;
When, lo! his razor ſlipp'd and made a leak,
From whence the writhing Knight's warm blood ran out,
In ſtreams, like water guſhing from a ſpout!
With terror, STRAP remained three moments dumb,
As PAUL roar'd out, you dog, you've ſlaſh'd my cheek;
Oh, curſe your cheek, ſaid STRAP, I've cut my thumb.

THE SACRILEGIST.

A TALE.

THOSE ſubtle wights who live by impoſition,
Should ever and anon beware,
How they get 'tangled in Detection's ſnare,
From fraud to ſhame is oft a quick tranſition;
And Ridicule purſues that caitiff's terrors,
Who gets a livelihood by ſocial errors.

In the vicinity of Breſlaw, ſtood
A convent dedicated to Saint Bruno,
Where Mary's form was multiplied in wood;
Which as a pious learned reader you know.
One of thoſe images was coſtly dreſt,
With varied draperies, by bigots given,
And pearls and golden tiſſue grac'd her veſt,
Such as befit the relatives of heaven.
Oft in refectory warm, beneath her ſhrine,
The holy brethren met in cloſe array,
With temporal bleſſings crowning all their labours,
But when the ſacred feaſt was o'er,
With charitable zeal they would implore,
The virgin advocate divine,
To ſhower ſpiritual comforts on their neighbours.

It

It ſo fell out,
An irrelegious varlet, bold and ſtout,
Crept in the night unto this lady fair,
And ſtole away her trappings rich and rare;
But as misfortune muſt attend an act,
Whene'er the devil regulates the deed,
This varlet was arreſted in the fact,
And ſentenc'd to eat boiling lead, and be impal'd, and flea'd.
But ere this matter could be put in force
In FREDERICK'S domain,
Or any ſubject ſlain,
Some prefatory laws muſt take their courſe;
In conſequence, the trembling wretch was hurried,
To Berlin's ſapient court,
To undergo ſome legiſlative ſport,
And be appall'd and worried.
The monks, in high wrought anger, told the offence,
The monarch heard, and aſk'd the thief's defence,
Who, flank'd by enemies on every ſide,
Thus to his king with lowly mien replied:
One bitter wint'ry day, when Boreas blew
So cold it pierc'd my vitals thro' and thro,
Unbleſs'd with raiment to defend my frame
From the keen blaſt, and freezing blaſts there came,
A thought engender'd in my brain,
Which ow'd its birth to many a pious ſtrain:
Theſe holy men have told,
How the ſweet virgin could make water wine,
And bread from ſtones, on which the ſainted dine,
And change concreted filth to burniſh'd gold.

Arm'd with ſuch powers to give a wretch relief,
And extirpate his grief,
I thought ſhe'd lend me ſome celeſtial riches,
To hide my nakedneſs, and buy me breeches;
The event has juſtified what gownſmen ſay,
The virgin utter'd thus, when I had ceas'd to pray:
Hanging her head down, like a modeſt bride,
Here, friend, unpin this garment from my ſide,
Go bind it round you ſtraight, and call it *meum*,
And hide your nudities, I'm ſhock'd to ſee 'em.
This is the truth, my Leige, or may I die,
The monks vociferous roar'd — 'tis all a lie.
Huſh, ſaid the monarch, miſcreants, hold your peace,
Dare you aver that miracles can ceaſe,
Queſtion once more the action in this place,
By heaven, I'll abrogate your lazy race;
Would you have men be better and believe,
Preach not at morn what you deny at eve;
I like the deed, her principles are good,
The Lady's heart is warm, tho' made of wood;
The caſe is plain, it was a chriſtian gift,
To move his wants ſhe'd given him her ſhift;
Unbind the man, and bid him go his way,
The prieſts may where they liſt, to faſt or pray.
The cowl-clad brethren grumbling ſought their cell,
The rogue untouch'd by Retribution's ſcars
Receded, as he thank'd his better ſtars,
That all was well.

THE ORIGIN AND END OF THE LAW.

A TALE.

Summum jus, ſumma injuria.

POETS of old, with force and fire,
From OVID down to MATTHEW PRIOR;
In varying verſe, and motley page,
Have ſung about the golden age;
But none have been ſo wond'rous kind,
To tell us how that age declin'd:
I ſee the curious wiſh to know it,
Liſt to a tale, and I will ſhow it.

In ſuch an age, a guileleſs twain,
ROGER and SUE, illum'd the plain;
Unbred in academic ſchools,
They follow'd Reaſon and her rules;
In all the paths of prudence trod,
And lov'd their friend, and fear'd their God.
Then Freedom rov'd the mountain's ſide,
And Innocence was all their pride;

No ſadd'ning love-lorn maiden then,
Bemoan'd the perfidy of men;
For Virtue bleſs'd the rural throng,
Inform'd their hearts, and fed their ſong.
No vicious tenets broke their reſt,
(Like miſſives from the peeviſh eaſt,
Blighting the wholeſome rip'ning ear)
Or laid the baſis of a tear.
The dirty paſſions of the mind,
Were then ſubdu'd, controul'd, confin'd;
Pale Fear, and all her haggard train,
That generate and nurture pain,
And each unwelcome mental gueſt,
Lay dormant in the human breaſt;
No Cypreſs then deform'd the brow,
Or mourning willow noted woe;
Or broken oaths made maids forlorn,
For Woe and Vice were then unborn;
Their lives unchoak'd with baneful weeds,
Paſs'd in a change of worthy deeds;
The ſacred commerce fixt and known,
Supreme delight was all their own.

In terror leſt the rural brood,
Of human kind ſhould grow too good;
The DEVIL his miniſtry ſuborning,
Peep'd thro' the loop-holes of the morning;
Survey'd their pleaſures with a ſigh,
And ſent his imps to teach a LIE.

The

The LIE! ah me! at length crept in,
And introduc'd the ſuite of SIN!
Now Truth and Nature liv'd as foes,
And towns from villages aroſe;
Society became refin'd,
And Madneſs ſhar'd with Mirth the Mind;
Then Prieſts and Penitents were made,
And ſweet Religion grew a—trade.
Still ROGER liv'd in decent credit,
His heart was good, for Virtue fed it;
But wealth flow'd in, then cares encreas'd,
And wants and wiſhes ſeldom ceas'd.
SUE and her mate could yet be happy,
And drink with glee their jug of nappy;
They danc'd, they ſung, they told a tale,
And mirthful, quaff'd their home-brew'd ale;
Cheer'd with their ſmiles the wayworn ſwain,
And baniſh'd ev'ry wretch's pain;
To orphan want they op'd their door,
And pitied all the vagrant poor;
With holy zeal their alms were giv'n,
And trod a path that led to heav'n.

Tho' ROGER felt the ſtings of care,
The DE'IL reſolv'd to ſtop not there;
In cruel haſte he hurried down,
To live in the next market town;
Aſſum'd the name of ANDREW BURNEY,
And ruſh'd in life the—FIRST ATTORNEY.

From his foul loins, by Sin befriended,
The preſent * HORRID RACE deſcended;
He then diſplay'd his baneful art,
To teaze the head and break the—heart.
The fangs of Infamy reveal'd,
And op'd thoſe ſores that Time had heal'd.
Thoſe wounds of ancient rancour rented,
Which Friendſhip long before cemented;
Renew'd the breach 'twixt Sire and Son,
Till Diſcord thro' the pariſh run;
Taught toothleſs dames to bring their action
For empty malice and detraction;
With *capias* and *certiorari*,
He play'd them many a damn'd figary.
To comfort Vice, and cheriſh Knavery,
Coerc'd poor Equity in ſlavery;
Chain'd her in adamantic bands,
O'erthrew her rights, and ſeiz'd her lands;
Proſtrate and fangleſs left the law,
And hid its ſtings, but ſhew'd its FLAW;
Then infant Fraud began to ſtrengthen,
And ſerpent Sin to live and lengthen;
As Falſhood toil'd, but never jaded,
The pride of human nature faded;
Illuſtrious Virtue, endleſs ſhame,
Became the whiſtling of a name.

As

* I would not wiſh to be underſtood as including the whole profeſſion in this cenſure, as I know ſeveral individuals remarkable for their honor, truth, and humanity.

As ANDREW hail'd the ſwift progreſſion,
And ſmooth'd the forehead of Tranſgreſſion,
Then Courts were rais'd, and Lawyers fed
On Widows tears and Orphans bread;
Sophiſtication rul'd the hour,
And Honor kiſs'd the rod of Power;
Then BRITAIN'S rough ingenuous youth,
Were train'd in arts to murder — TRUTH.
In myſtic garb, t'envelope right,
And hide the fact in ſhades of night;
To fiſh for fools by ſpecious wooing,
And draw the wretched to their ruin.

To anſwer all his private ends,
The DEVIL had his ſtedfaſt friends;
He always carried TWO about,
Both ſinewy dogs, well made and ſtout;
Redoubted enemies, I trow,
Were JOHNNY DOE and RICHARD ROE.
Like Mancha's Knight, or Warwick's Guy,
Their terrors made whole hamlets fly;
When honeſt yeomen prov'd ungracious,
He flogg'd 'em with a *fieri facias*;
To anſwer wily ANDREW'S needs,
He laid his thumb on *bonds* and *deeds*;
In iron cheſt he kept them bound,
At leaſt ten fathoms under ground;
But when they'll ſee the light, who'll ſay?
Why thoſe who cheat the DEVIL may.

By this ſly trick he touch'd their pelf,
And kept his clients to himſelf.
Tho' goaded thus by Law and Theft,
A little honeſty was left;
Still Virtue had a ſickly charm,
To ſtop 'em in the road to harm.
The village lighted by her beam,
Avoided guilt in the extreme.
Their moral good the DEVIL ſaw,
And ſtrove to damn it with a flaw;
Refin'd away the Vicar's text,
And Solomon's beſt ſaws perplext:
As woodmen level foreſt trees,
He undermin'd, by ſlow degrees.
Firſt he laid ſiege to their CONTENT,
Then gave a blow — and down it went;
Next at their FAITH, his ſkill he tried,
By whiſp'ring DOUBTS that fed their PRIDE;
The nymph grew weary of mankind,
And fled, but left REMORSE behind.
Elate he ſaw their joys decreaſe,
And, laſt of all, he murder'd — PEACE;
To rule the breaſt on its privation,
He ſubſtituted — LITIGATION.

Touch'd by the helliſh dire infection,
Weak ROGER ſu'd, and brought his action,
His neighbour, at the break of morn,
Walk'd thro' a field of ROGER's corn.

The

The meek defendant meant no ill,
The plaintiff had his wealth at will;
His boſom tir'd of contentment,
Conceiv'd the ſeeds of baſe reſentment.
The DEVIL ſhew'd him where to bite him,
And ROGER bid the DE'IL indite him;
ANDREW, by Fate decreed to hate us,
Prepar'd the ſhocking apparatus.
The lowly wretch, by Pow'r ſubdu'd,
Bemoan'd his wife and little brood;
Who ſtrove to ſoothe the good man's cares,
And damp'd his priſon with their tears.
For thirteen weeks, ſo law ordains,
The poor deſpoiler lay in chains.
The Spring Aſſize at laſt came round,
When manacl'd, and ſtarv'd, and bound,
The peaſant, hanging both his ears,
Was brought to trial by his peers;
The Court of Juſtice op'd her doors,
And *crows* and *ideots* throng'd in ſcores.

Two learned Serjeants, BULL and BEAR,
Defended ROGER's cauſe with care;
By legal nonſenſe, apt tautology,
And ſenſeleſs ſtupid phraſeology;
'Twould fill a volume but to teach,
How they defil'd the uſe of ſpeech,
Bullied the worthy and the humble,
In hope their love of truth would ſtumble:

At

At length the wiſdom of the Judge,
Saw thro' the veil of ROGER's grudge,
He ſhook his head, explain'd the laws,
And quick diſcharg'd the ſhameful cauſe.
ROGER, with rage, and grief to boot,
The DEVIL damn'd, and loſt his ſuit.

Oppreſs'd by doubt, with awkward ſtare,
The clown thus queſtion'd SERJEANT BEAR:
Waunds, maiſter Serjeant, by the Lard,
You fought the battle wond'rous hard;
Defendant's laryor in my moind,
Was not in ſcolding much behoind;
Nay, once you ſeem'd ſuch deadly foes,
I thought, ecod, you'd come to blows.
Ah, ROGER, t'other made reply,
With keen deriſion in his eye,
Our ſtrife was harmleſs, quit your fears,
'Twas only like a TAYLOR'S SHEERS.
Odds heart, friend Serjeant, why like ſheers?
Cried ROGER, ſcratching both his ears:
The Law's black ſon, with ſtrong diſdain,
Thus fated ROGER's curious vein;
Though now with vehemence and pother,
We ſeem'd t' excoriate each other;
The ſight deceiv'd—tho' thus you've ſeen us,
We CUT but THAT which comes BETWEEN US."

Depreſs'd

Depreſs'd, reflecting, and bemir'd,
ROGER from law and ſtrife retir'd;
He ſhook his head, and, what was worſe,
Walk'd to his home with empty purſe;
And ROGER's ſuit was ever after,
The food of univerſal laughter.

MORAL.

The dolt who hopes to mend his peace by law,
Should couch for ſafety in a tyger's jaw;
Or ſeek for cleanneſs in an Iriſh ditch,
Or go to Edinburgh to loſe the itch;
Or fly to Cairo to elude diſeaſe,
Or Bedfordbury to avoid the fleas;
Expect plain truth in MANDEVILLE's remarks,
Or aſk for Honeſty in Bevis Marks;
Or ſearch for Liberty 'neath Gallic banners,
Or go to Billingſgate to learn—good manners.

THE

REMONSTRANCE

OF

A BRITISH SHIRT TO ITS MASTER.

[Written in PARIS, 1787.]

HAPLESS and turgid is that wight I trow,
Whom rude and weak antipathies annoy.
'Twas in that city, chief of haughty Gaul,
To Saints, to Sin, and Cloacina dear.
Yclep'd by noiſy fame, the gallant Paris,
Where LUDOVICO MAGNO ſtands and rides,
On many a ſplendid and well-ſculptur'd baſe,
To tell mankind he triumphs over Death,
And menaces the world, tho' turn'd to ſtone.
Where ſportive dames forego the ſmiles of Health,
Waſting their bright and enviable charms,
Which Nature gave them, to enſlave mankind
By midnight vigils, and the mazy dance,
And gather ſubſtitutes from wily Art,
That cheat the ſight, and undermine their bloom;
Such toil is piteous; for the hand of Beauty
Faſhion'd with care each member of their frame,
And deck'd them round with all thoſe ſoft attractions,
Which lead the valiant and the wiſe aſtray.

Ah

Ah me! that Habit ſhould impel a ſex
To uſe the ſick'ning ſemblance of a charm,
To faſcinate our warm and willing hearts,
Whom Truth portrays on her unerring tablets,
Moſt lovely, moſt puiſſant, when leaſt fraudful.
  Where an immenſe ſophiſticated band,
Compoſed of the great vulgar and the ſmall,
Dance in the liveries of antic Vanity.
  Where many a caitiff baſely leagues to rob
The wanton god of Cytherea's grove,
Of all his antient undiſputed dues;
Sip from the ſtreams that poiſon genial manhood,
And ſcorn the genuine draught of liberal love.
  'Twas in that motley blythe metropolis,
A poor, forlorn, indignant, tattered SHIRT,
Of Iriſh birth, and Britiſh education,
In all the plaintive ſtrains of deep-felt grief,
Accoſted, thus, its flinty, faithleſs maſter:—
And ſhall I now be maul'd by Gallic ſlaves,
Fritter'd, and manacl'd, by baſe-born hands?
If heaven-born ſympathy can touch thy heart,
Behold my woes, and dedicate a tear!
Shorn of my honors by their ſavage toils,
Behold your ſervant more than half deſtroy'd.
Shall cell-bred wenches lift their pond'rous limbs,
All darkly tinted with Ægyptian hue,
Arm'd with a deadly murdering *battoir*,
To flagellate my tortur'd body thus,
And tear my mangled corſe at every ſtroke?

Shall

Shall I, whoſe texture, doubtleſs, has been wove,
By ſome deſcendant of thoſe ſinewy bands,
Who ſtain'd the fields of Agincourt with blood,
Or taught the trembling foe what Britons dare,
On Creſſy's ſanguine and immortal plain?
Shall I, thus circumſtanc'd, be made the ſport
Of every mean and dirty *blancheſſeuſee*,
Defil'd, bemaul'd, and torn by recreant ſlaves,
And you, a Briton, thus look tamely on?
Forbid it, Pity, and, forbid it, Love!
Is meek compaſſion ſtifled in your breaſt?
Are all your patriot ideas flown?
Oh, I remember, (but that time is paſt,)
When angry Eolus untied his bags,
Wherein he chains the deſolating winds,
To nip and caſtigate the human race,
Coercing all the ſeeds of vegetation.
Oft have you turn'd me with a parent's care,
And held my body 'fore the blazing fuel,
To warm and recreate my ſnow-white breaſt.
But now, alas! that tenderneſs is o'er,
Dragg'd by the zigzag motions of thy will,
To ramble thro' the ruſſet Boullonnois,
And more deeply ruſſeted Picardy;
To ſuffer vile indignities like theſe,
From every execrable ugly wench,
Whoſe fires were wont to tremble when they ſaw,
The ſlighteſt veſtige from old Albion's Iſle.

Knowing

Knowing what once I was, and what I am,
Diſturbs my ſenſe, and mads me into rage.
Ye deities, who guard the free-born ſoul,
And value Britons for their hardy worth;
Tell me, and ſatisfy my boiling mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to take a blow!
A blow; ah me, I might ſay, many blows!
Not all the waters of the ſilver Thames,
The flood of Avon, on whoſe verdant banks
Our matchleſs bard was wont to muſe and roam;
Or Iſis' glaſſy ſweet reflective ſtream,
Where Science oft retreats to ponder deep;
Or Caracallas' vaſt capacious baths,
Can purify my ſullied, wounded honour,
Or cleanſe my baſe, contaminated frame.
My hatred, ſcorn, contempt, averſion dire,
To all the children of preſuming Gaul,
Is deeply rooted as the foreſt oak,
And my proud ſoul dilates as big with hate,
Towards the mirthful authors of my woe,
As Iſraelite to ſwine, or zealous Turk,
To the rich virtues of the guſhing grape;
Or Poet to the voice of bailiff dire;
Or Puritanic chiefs to Liberality;
Or Scotia's relatives to Indiſcretion;
Or antient Virgins to a tale of woe;
Or Harlot vile, to the drear chambers
Of the midnight priſon, where, oft enchain'd
By the fell magic of Juſtitia's bands,
The fragile daughters of gay Venus weep.

But,

But, why ſhould I thus exerciſe my lungs?
I ſee you frown at my antipathy;
Perhaps it is an error of the mind,
But if it is, that error is ſo fixt
And interwoven with my heart's warm core,
To die, or cruſh its impulſe were the ſame.
But if my maſter wills that I ſhall be
The but and ſacrifice of mortal foes,
To plunge my weeping body in the flood,
While the meand'ring and tumultuous Seine
Rolls with his muddy and polluted waves,
To daſh the filth from every Norman ſhore.
If being agonized can feed his joy,
Let the ſlaves tear me like Saint Martin's cloak;
With gladneſs I'll ſubſtantiate his bliſs,
Smile with delight, and glory in my ruin;
But if a diſpoſition too unkind,
Leads him to ſcoff at all the ills I bear,
Without addition to his inward good;
Like Alex. Mag. I muſt ſubmit to Fate,
Shrink, pray, writhe, ſuffer, and obey the gods.

*A N

EPISTLE

FROM THE

HOUSE IN CHEAPSIDE,

TO THE

VILLA AT HAMPSTEAD.

MADAM Villa, I lately have been much inclin'd
To tell you, on paper, a piece of my mind;
So as Sunday is come, my intent to fulfil,
Now the folks have all left me, I take up the quill;
Nor when this you receive, be ſurpriz'd at the ſight,
For, if trees hold diſcourſe, ſurely houſes may write:
And if ſtones out of walls in ſome caſes will cry,
Indignation may rouſe ſuch a building as I,
To mention ſome truths which you cannot deny.

Not many years ſince, both in fine and foul weather,
My maſter and I were ſeen moſtly together;
Now and then in the Summer for health he would roam,
Thro' the fields in the day, but at night was at home;
And convinc'd that to me all his fortune was due,
Was grateful for favours, and conſtant and true.
You, I know, are the minx who his mind has infected,
You engroſs all his notice, and I am neglected:

He

* This appeared anonymouſly in the Morning Chronicle.

He is ever with you full of laughter and glee,
But complains of the ſpleen and the head-ach with me.
I'm aſtoniſh'd to find him ſo laviſhly waſte,
Large ſums to ſupply you with all things in taſte;
To hear how you're deck'd with freſh ſtucco and paint,
And your rooms gaily furniſh'd, would anger a ſaint.
My patience forſakes me, I own, when I view
Beſt beds, chairs, and pictures, all taken for you.
One decrepid old female's the whole of my ſtate,
While two or three nymphs on your ladyſhip wait,
And a footman, all gorgeous, attends at your gate.

My fine ſet of nankeen is convey'd from its place,
With a new urn of ſilver, your parlour to grace;
The ſtock in my cellar perceptibly fails,
Sent off by full hampers for rural regales;
And my pantry, before long accuſtom'd to hold
Rich ſurloins, is empty; my chimnies are cold.
While ſmartly he drives to your yard in his chair,
With a load in the ſeat of all kinds of good fare.

At Chriſtmas deſerted, and dark is my hearth,
Once bright with heap'd fuel, choice friends and high mirth;
My ſaſhes are looſe, and quite dirty my floors,
And of wind a briſk eddy comes in at my doors;
But clean are your boards, and your frames are all faſt,
With bays and gilt leather to keep out the blaſt;
And the billet and wax-light their ſplendor diſplay,
As he waſtes at quadrille the long evening away.

When

When painful Reflection paſt ſeaſons recalls,
How he then ſtuck to trade, who now figures at balls.
When I think of the bills that for you he muſt pay,
And that abſence from counter makes profit decay,
I bode—but oh! may not the omen prevail,
He who now ſleeps in clover may ſoon lie in jail!
Sometimes he's ſurpris'd that his ſhop windows clatter,
It is I who then ſhudder to think of the matter;
He's amaz'd that he feels ſo much air at his back,
'Tis a ſigh for his danger I ſend through a crack;
And the drops I let fall, which are rain he conceives,
Oft are tears for his folly that run from my eaves.

Lay aſide your allurements and henceforth beware
Of proving to one ſo incautious a ſnare;
Bid him act with due prudence; and always confide
In his faithful and truſty old friend of Cheapſide.
If after this warning you ſhameleſsly ſtill
Make him ſhun me, and place his whole bliſs on your hill;
If you tempt him to fooliſhly trifle his hours
Due to ſorting of goods, in the nurture of flowers,
Then may Jove rive aſunder,
Your roof with his thunder:
Or the wind in a guſt
Bring your pride to the duſt.
May you periſh by rot, flame or water ſubdu'd,
But my paſſion mounts high, and I therefore conclude.

Cheapſide, Jan. 26, 1786.

AN

AN EPISTLE FROM THE VILLA AT HAMPSTEAD TO THE HOUSE IN CHEAPSIDE.

I Proteſt, Miſtreſs Houſe, I am greatly aſtoniſh'd!
You ſhould firſt have advis'd ere you madly admoniſh'd;
What cauſe could impel you to take ſuch a freedom,
Pray ſend your Epiſtles to thoſe, Ma'am, who need 'em;
You may put on your airs, and may ſcold while you're able,
It may be City wit, but it's quite diſagreeable.
If you had been bred under Miſs * Cardin's banners,
'Twould have poliſh'd your mind, and have mended your manners;
Then you had not vented your ſpite and your ſpleen,
By railing in verſe, like a Billingſgate Queen;
Such language could never have enter'd my head,
But thanks to my parent, that I'm better bred.

I ſhould wonder to find you thus bitter and witty,
If Diſcord had not ſpread her ſnares in the City;

But

* The miſtreſs of a boarding ſchool at Enfield.

But in ſuch empty charges, you follow your betters,
*Who were wont to make wine, but are now writing letters.
It were wiſer if they, and you too would ſit ſtill,
And find other ſubjects, that call for the quill:
Your toil will not anſwer what either intended,
For JACK WILKES and I are not eaſily mended.
But I fear with your youth, your good humour is fled,
And beſides, I ſuſpect that you're wrong in the head;
Then diſcharge not on me the effects of your woe,
If diſorder'd, you'd better conſult with MONRO.

I ſhould hurry to town, could I manage to walk,
With half the facility that I can talk;
To meet me in a rage, you would wiſh yourſelf dead,
You'd find you had brought an old houſe on your head.
But with age and diſaſters, I fear you're grown crazy,
Take Iriſh advice friend, and pray now be *azy*.
No envy or ſpleen, has pervaded my breaſt,
I never once thought of diſturbing your reſt,
And wiſh'd that ſuch bickerings ne'er might enſue,
But to live on good terms, as acquaintance ſhould do.

As I hope to be ſav'd, Ma'am, I ne'er did repine,
When my maſter on ven'ſon, with you choſe to dine;
With his turtle, his ſoups, and his tartlets and pye,
Let him eat them, be gorg'd, and be happy, ſay I.

Should

*Alluding to Mr. DORNFORD's letters on the citizens' profligacy.

Should his fancy incline him to ſcent the freſh air,
On Hampſtead's gay heath, in his new patent chair;
When he comes, he is welcome, I ne'er will refuſe him,
But pray dont imagine I'd ſtoop to ſeduce him.
A ſervile compliance no female enhances,
And I'm quite independent in mind and finances.
As to taking your treaſure, believe me, I ſcorn it,
Perhaps your frail maſter might ſell it or pawn it;
Some Saturday night when his caſh had run low,
And his clerk tell his wants, with a viſage of woe,
That ABRAHAM NEWLAND had fled his bureau.
I aſſure you I value my honor and fame,
As highly as any fat Alderman's dame;
And I am not without either prudence or pride,
Tho' I never eat cuſtards, or dwelt in Cheapſide.
He enjoys me, 'tis true, and I am not his wife,
But yet I can boaſt elevation in life:
And I vow that I ne'er could put up with neglect,
As my high ſituation ſhould call forth reſpect.

Tho' his preſents to me may diminiſh his wealth,
I declare that I never will injure his health.
And ſhould I unwittingly cauſe his diſgrace,
I'll not, like kept ladies, then laugh in his face.

If you wiſh that he never ſhould ſtray from your arms,
You ſhould labour to make the beſt uſe of your charms:
With Love's gentle blandiſhments court his embraces,
Let the artiſt with paint give your rooms all new faces,
And with paper and plaſter call forth your old graces.

You

You look ſo ſaturnine, no wonder you fright him,
Change your frowns into ſmiling, and ſtrive to delight him:
Adopt ſome nice art to amend your complexion,
And with rouge hide the finger of Time from detection;
For if ladies neglect or their perſons or houſes,
No wonder they chill the warm love of their ſpouſes.
Make all the apartments as nice as you're able,
Let the grape of Oporto illumine your table.
You may then, by degrees, draw him off from his follies,
As to working, ſometimes, they coax children with dollies:
And when you have got the old man in your net,
Define all the ills of a London Gazette;
Then tell him, to Wiſdom he's long been a ſtranger,
And point out his errors, and warn him of danger.
As your eloquent knowledge may chance to be ſmall,
Take a leſſon, for ſix-pence, at *Coachmakers' hall.
If his living with me, you think, haſtens his ruin,
I ſhould grieve to contribute towards his undoing;
His abſence will never give me cauſe of weeping,
As I ne'er can want friends to be ta'en into keeping.

Inſtead of behaving with candour and love,
To deſtroy me with vengeance you call upon Jove.
Pray where could your delicate habits be hid,
Such expreſſions to uſe, I was always forbid.

* A place where there was public debating on a given ſubject once a week.

Defiling your pen with a vile execration,
Is no flatt'ring proof of a town education;
But as Charity ever ſhall govern my will,
In this inſtance, you'll find, I return good for ill;
And may Jove condeſcend,
To become your good friend,
And with ſpeed to amend
Your bad diſpoſition,
And now to attend,
To this prayer, and petition.
May his bolts on the foes of the city be hurl'd,
And the ſhops of Cheapſide prove the mart of the world.

Hampſtead, Jan. 27th, 1786.

THE

TEARS OF IERNE:

AN

ELEGIAC POEM;

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

DUKE OF RUTLAND.

——— 'twas pretty
To ſee him ev'ry hour; to fit and draw
His arched eye-brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
But now he's gone; and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE

Right Honorable THOMAS ORDE.

SIR,

AS the public and private friend of the much lamented ſubject of the following Poem, I have thought it not altogether improper to dedicate it to you; and I am well aſſured that you will receive every effort of the imagination with kindneſs, which has for its immediate object the memory of the late DUKE OF RUTLAND. *His adminiſtration in Ireland will ever endear the ſingularly honourable name of* MANNERS *to the boſoms of her natives; and the more particularly as he wiſely contrived to make his amiable and conciliating habits, as a gentleman, operate to the deſtruction of party-diviſions, and the maintenance of law and good government.—That he was highly indebted to your councils and vigilance for ſo important an event, the world has been ſufficiently taught; and it now remains with me to hope, that, by a timely ceſſation from the fatigues of political controverſy, you may be enabled to re-eſtabliſh your health: and I the more ardently wiſh it, as from having a perfect knowledge of your public character, I am convinced that the happineſs of every thinking man in the kingdom of Ireland is, in a great degree, involved in its preſervation.*

I am, SIR, with much reſpect,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

Nov. 8, 1787.

The Author.

THE TEARS OF IERNE,

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

PARENT of Mercy, Lord benign
Who ſits on high enthron'd;
Who gives the Lamp of Day to ſhine,
Whoſe mandates Nature own'd:
Who fills the ſick'ning Roſe with vivid Dew,
And fix'd the Cauſe from whence exiſtence grew—
Look down upon a Nation's Woe;
Forbid the ſtreams of Wretchedneſs to flow;

Hark! the Midnight Ravens ſcream,
As Bats obſcure the Solar Beam;
Laughter abandons all his Vines,
And Folly ponders and reclines:
The tawny reaper quits his ſheaf,
As Envy runs to meet belief:
The jocund Dryads fly their glades,
Naiads their floods, and Fawns their ſhades:
The herds, affrighted, leave the hills;
The thirſty flocks the bubbling rills;
As Nature's beauties drooping lay,
With all the ſymptoms of decay.
The iſle's convuls'd, the kingdom groans,
And Peace retires from human moans;
As Deſperation, roving free,
Coerces ſweet Feſtivity.
Amazement ſhudders at her doom,
And Induſtry forſakes his loom;
While Sorrow faſcinates the will
To ſeek for ſympathetic ill:
As the wild note of national deſpair
Floats on the boſom of the ambient air,
And Echo murmurs round each circling ſhore,
Our hope is fled! —our RUTLAND is no more!

Behold

Behold upon the purply head
Of tow'ring Mourne our Genius fled,
In mute deſpondency to weep,
And madden o'er the roaring deep:
No inmate there has Horror woo'd,
Save the fierce eagle and her brood.
Scatter'd beſide her veſtment ſee
Sad emblems of her minſtrelſy.
The ſacred anthem Phrenzy tore,
And ſcrolls of inconteſted lore,
Expreſſive of th' heroic deed,
Which make men marvel as they read;
Her azure drap'ry's careleſs hung,
Her harp of Melody's unſtrung:
That flame of fancy ſeems deſtroy'd
Which touch'd the theme the muſe enjoy'd.
But lo! ſhe ſtarts with trembling fear,
Op'ning her apprehenſive ear:
The ſenſe, accuſtom'd to diſmay,
Full eager drinks th' according lay,
As the wild note of national deſpair
Floats on the boſom of the ambient air,
And Echo murmurs round each circling ſhore,
Our hope is fled! — our RUTLAND is no more!

The fallen Chief was dear to Truth,
She hail'd, ſhe taught the ductile youth:
Bleſt type of his illuſtrious ſire,
From whom he caught the hero's fire!
By Wiſdom warm'd, his earlieſt lays
Were wove in fair Ambition's praiſe.
He brac'd the nerves of feeble Worth,
And gave the nobler Graces birth;
Smooth'd the keen edge of Party-ſtrife,
And fed each elegance of life:
True to the virtues of his race,
He ſcorn'd the 'ſemblance of Diſgrace;
And equall'd, in his filial care,
Æneas or the Grecian fair.
Vaſt in intent, he us'd his pow'r
To ſubjugate the ill-charg'd hour;
Thought of his name with antique zeal,
And knew the luxury to feel,
As chaſte Philoſophy refin'd
The bright ideas of his mind.
But hark! the note of national deſpair
Floats on the boſom of the ambient air,
As Echo murmurs round each circling ſhore,
Our hope is fled! — our RUTLAND is no more!

How

How frail's that being which ye prize;
How weak the barriers of the wiſe;
When ev'ry period that is paſt
Is but a ſatire on the laſt!
What apothegm can maim Deſpair,
Or abrogate the force of Care?
The peerleſs nymph who bleſt his throne,
Illum'd with Beauty's potent zone,
Could not, with all that's good and great,
Repel th' artillery of Fate.
Weep, Hoſpitality, for years,
While Mem'ry's fount can yield you tears.
'Twas you blithe ſorcereſs whoſe wiles
Sicklied his frame, and chill'd his ſmiles;
Thy witch'ries threw a baſe diſguiſe
Of varying hue to cheat his eyes.
Whene'er you ſat in regal pride
With him and Bacchus by your ſide,
He calm'd the loud perturbed throng,
And gave the points that rais'd your ſong.
But hark! the note of national deſpair
Floats on the boſom of the ambient air,
As Echo murmurs round each circling ſhore,
Our hope is fled!—our RUTLAND is no more!

Behold

Behold the infant arts decline,
Which proudly I proclaim'd as mine,
And ſhorn of Peace, diſtracted go
In all the agony of Woe.
The future each conceives in dread,
And hides his little penſive head;
Dilates the boſom with a ſigh,
And wipes the ſorrow-delug'd eye,
As Shannon, to ſecrete his pain,
Retreats with terror to the main.
But lo! the ſcene ſubdues me moſt,
Regard that ſad afflictive hoſt;
A fond, a faithful peaſant train,
The pallid ſlaves of mental Pain.
No herb that decks th' enamell'd field
Conſolatory charms can yield:
'Tis ours to be the thing we ſeem;
We boaſt of no Lethean ſtream
To deprecate Reflection's rage,
And daſh the thought from Fancy's page.
As the wild note of national deſpair
Floats on the boſom of the ambient air,
And Echo murmurs round each cirling ſhore,
Our hope is fled!—our RUTLAND is no more!

Sedition,

Sedition, who had madd'ning reign'd
Ere he the foaming fiend enchain'd,
Now burſting from his iron cell,
Whiſpers the Inſtruments of hell;
Untwines the ſerpent from his hair,
To wander as a ſocial ſnare,
And bids the wily reptile creep
Where Fraud was wont his court to keep;
As his foul breaſt with joys diſtend
That human kind has loſt a friend.—
Commerce, unhappy nymph! when young,
Gigantic Pride thy ruin ſung:
She found thee in Deluſion's arms,
And manacled and ſmote thy charms:
Indignant then, with mien forlorn,
Expos'd thee to creation's ſcorn.
This RUTLAND ſaw with manly grief,
And flew enrag'd to your relief;
Thy fetter'd limbs the Chief unbound,
And cheer'd thy head, and clos'd thy wound.
But hark! the note of national deſpair
Floats on the boſom of the ambient air,
As Echo murmurs round each circling ſhore,
Our hope is fled!—our RUTLAND is no more!

Lovely

Lovely Hygeia, tell me why
You ſuffer'd ſo much worth to die?
Fled his embraces by degrees,
And gave his pulſes to Diſeaſe?
Could not his high-born virtues move
Thy lazy relatives to love?
With lofty majeſty he trod,
Diffuſing joy, and look'd a god;
But roſeate nymphs, by all ador'd,
Oft baniſh him who moſt implor'd.
Serene Humanity, thy breaſt
Receives meek Pity, hallow'd gueſt.
I ſee your ample boſom ſwell;
You lov'd him, as you knew him well!
But drop thoſe treſſes, nor eſſay
To wipe Affection's pearl away;
It flows with irreſiſtleſs grace,
And caſts a radiance o'er thy face;
It calls Reſentment to thy ſhrine,
And ſpeaks your origin divine.
But hark! the note of national deſpair
Floats on the bolom of the ambient air,
As Echo murmurs round each circling ſhore,
Our hope is fled!—our RUTLAND is no more!

This

This world full many an age has known
Involving empires overthrown,
When the ſtern queen Palmira loſt,
And Mars the Carthaginian croſt,
When Phœbus parch'd th' Egyptian glebes,
And Alexander plunder'd Thebes;
But never has the eye of Time
Beheld affliction ſo ſublime!
The Iſland bleeds at ev'ry pore,
And half its attributes are o'er.
But mark! the ſable ranks give way,
And carol the ſepulchral lay!
The requiem hymn on zephyr flies,
And angels echo from the ſkies!
See patriots leagu'd, to Honour juſt,
Bearing his conſecrated duſt;
Men who their RUTLAND'S plaudits fought,
Whoſe dignity was never bought,
While Liberty bends o'er the bier,
And wets his aſhes with a tear.
As the wild note of national deſpair
Floats on the boſom of the ambient air,
And Echo murmurs round each circling ſhore,
Our hope is fled!—our RUTLAND is no more!

Indulgent

Indulgent heaven, who life began,
And gave free will to wayward man,
Who bids the lightning wing its way,
And lifts the bolt to ſtrike its prey;
Whoſe mandates awe the hardieſt ſoul,
And ſhake th' expanſe from pole to pole,
In pity tell this ſorrowing band
The guilt that wreck'd their wretched land;
What treaſon to thy ſacred laws
Has been, to generate a cauſe;
Why thus the deſtinies you ſped,
And laid our hero with the dead.
Yonder he's borne, immers'd in ſleep,
As pregnant matrons ſhriek and weep:
But Death, triumphant at the ſight,
Gladdens with horrible delight.
The ghaſtly tyrant proudly treads,
As animated Nature dreads
His preſſure of the palſied ground,
He throws his ebon darts around,
And bids us gather armour for that hour,
When he muſt exerciſe his final power,
As monumental records ſhall decay,
And temporal atoms periſh with the day.

THE

THE

OLD ARM-CHAIR.

AN ODE.

——"*Nay, do not think I flatter;*
"*For what advancement may I hope from thee*
"*That no revenue haſt.*"

SHAKESPEARE.

CLOATH'D in a veſt of Tyrian dye,
Let Folly woo the gariſh eye
Of keen obſervant day;
While I, incircled in thine arms,
Preſs and enjoy thy ancient charms,-
And ſpurn the hours away.

How bleſt the min'ſtry of a friend,
Who, love-directed, will attend
Thro' this tempeſtuous ſea,
To keep the bark from treaſon's ſhore,
As ſocial tempeſts raging roar;
And ſuch a friend art thee.

By

By thee ſublim'd, wiſe BACON ſaw
The inſtitutes of moral law,
Pourtraying good and ill,
As Science beam'd a cheering ray,
Which warm'd his philoſophic day
To liberate the will.

*Inclos'd by thee, the Drama's ſire,
Vaſt SHAKESPEARE ſmote the ſilver lyre,
As Nature triumph'd round;
E'en angels left their bright abodes.
And downward cleav'd thro' liquid roads
To liſten to the ſound.

Imperial man! with matchleſs art
He rov'd the alleys of the heart,
And drew ſweet Truth along;
The Paſſions, manacled in chains,
Obey'd the impulſe of his ſtrains,
And ſanctify'd his ſong.

From ſuch a friend, th' Athenian ſage
Imbib'd that axiom for his page,
Which pagan virtue taught;
And NEWTON, happy and reſign'd,
Mus'd as he amplify'd his mind,
And realiz'd his thought,

Impell'd

*Alluding to Shakeſpeare's arm-chair ſhewn at Stratford upon Avon.

Impell'd by ſuch a joy-fraught aid,
LONGINUS hail'd the ſapient maid,
Who holds the bird of night,
Caught all the precepts from her tongue,
Told riſing bards how Phœbus ſung,
And gave the nations light.

Reclining 'gainſt thy time-worn ſide,
LUTHER conceiv'd the mental pride
To make e'en faith his own,
Indignant broke the monkiſh ſpell,
Awoke mankind with Reaſon's bell,
And ſhook the papal throne.

The LARES, gods of ſacred note,
Of whom the Latian minſtrels wrote,
When Fraud's high pulſe was warm;
But as the ſtar of Bethlem blaz'd,
They fled, diminiſh'd and amaz'd,
And mingling, made thy form.

Alas! the hours are on their way,
When all thy honours muſt decay,
And ſleep at Ruin's ſhrine,
When worms thy body ſhall conſume;
But ſhake not; for 'twas Cæſar's doom
And hapleſs will be thine.

AN

AN ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

[Inſcribed to M. H. Kennedy, M. D.]

SISTER of Peace, all beauteous and ſincere,
Who gives the ſigh and ſympathetic tear;
More lovely than the firſt created flower,
Which iſſued ſweets in Eden's nuptial bower;
Wrapt in a milk-white veſt,
By Purity and all the Graces dreſt;
With aſpect brighten'd o'er by modeſt glee.
Chas'd by the motley ills which goad our life,
To generate a pang or waken ſtrife,
I fly, meek nymph, to thee.
Wandering with Innocence thou oft art ſeen,
When Cynthia's ſilver ray
Beams at the death of day,
On the ſtill hamlet's ſmoothly ſhaven green.
Thou ſhun'ſt the noiſe of buſy Folly,
And all thoſe baneful haunts of wily men,
Where Pride and Pow'r uſurp the ſocial den:
Engendering pallid Melancholy,
For many a fraudful year has onward flown,
To Ruin's ebon throne.

Since

Since thou waſt hail'd an inmate of the great,
To bleſs their mirth and dignify their ſtate;
Time was when Honor's ſons were men of note;
When nobles juſtified what genius wrote;
And Britain's Barons bold,
Would eagerly unfold
Their ample gates, to chear the way-worn throng,
Aſſuage their thirſt, or vindicate their wrong.
Seize ruthleſs kings oppoſing human good,
And ſate the nation with a tyrant's blood:
Or led by holy zeal to Syria's ſtrands,
Moiſten her parched ſoil with brutal gore,
And bliſsfully reſtore
To Zion's daughters all their antient lands;
But now the ſpear hangs uſeleſs in the hall,
The helmet moulders and their glories fall:
As Fate's bleak minions did impart
Some adamantine atoms to the heart,
Or offified that chord, which once was known,
When touch'd, to feel for horrors not its own.

AN

AN

ODE

TO

GRATITUDE.

[Inſcribed to MICHAEL LASCELLES, Eſq.]

AUGUST, refulgent maid,
By human worth obey'd,
Deſcend with Pity from thy hallow'd ſphere;
Give me to be the thing I ought,
Sublime the baſis of my thought,
And pour thy dictates on my opening ear.

Extatic! roſeate handmaid of Delight!
Come, charming as thou art, and glad my ſight!
I'll welcome thee with rapturous pleaſure,
In lofty lay, and lyrick meaſure;
Then vivid Fancy ſhall illume my brain,
Attune my willing lyre, and feed my ſtrain,
Whoſe pencil tints the hue of mortal dreams,
And ſhrouds the animal in heavenly beams.

Borne

Borne on the pinions of the rapid wind,
Hurry and ſeek a refuge in my mind;
Impreſs each ſenſe to hail a generous deed,
Then all-uplifted by thy power,
I'll triumph o'er the ſwift deluſive hour,
And, claim from gentle Peace, her envied, choiceſt meed.

Oh! lead me from that cell,
Where reddening Shame and pallid Anguiſh dwell,
On the bleak margin of Diſhonour's grave;
Where, writhing with their pains,
They labouring foam to burſt their mental chains,
Nor thank the gods for all the good they gave.

When Fate's imperial mandate, dread and juſt,
Impels this breathing fabric to the duſt;
Ah! teach thy fainting ſuppliant to die,
Then by thy bright effuſions bleſt,
The fiends of Doubt ſhall fly my half-chilld breaſt,
And radiant angels catch the final ſigh!

AN

ADDRESS

TO

CUPID,

On receiving a Refuſal from a celebrated Beauty.

Pectora vario motu.

VIRG.

IMPERIOUS, wild, inconſtant boy,
Thou ſource of ſocial grief and joy,
The plaints of Reaſon hear;
Stay, ere you bid that arrow go,
Pointed with pain and arm'd with woe,
While I aſſail your ear.

Thou daring urchin who preſides
O'er the heart's wand'ring guſhing tides,
And makes them ſink or riſe;
Who ſtrikes the mightieſt to the earth,
Who gives the infant raptures birth,
And language to the eyes.

Shall

Shall I, to whom the world has bent,
Thus pine for lovely ANNE's conſent,
And live to be denied?
Doom'd the pale minion of Deſire,
Conſuming with my mental fire,
And harrow'd with my pride.

Go to my ANNE, with all thy ſkill
Touch her dull ſenſe, and warm her will,
Expand her narrow mind;
Depict my boſom's fervid heat,
Say how my fever'd pulſes beat,
And bid the nymph be kind.

But think not, tho' I thus implore,
I'll, couchant, every good give o'er,
And tremble at your nod;
When Merit moans, with human care
To frown upon the ſuppliant's pray'r,
Diſhonours but the god.

Tho' piteous SAPPHO call'd in vain,
Tho' PERSEUS hugg'd thy iron chain,
I will not be thy ſlave;
I'd ſooner, tyrant, ruſh on death,
Abridge the progreſs of my breath,
And wed the chilly grave.

An EPITAPH *on* MRS. HACKETT *of* BIRMINGHAM.

BENEATH this turf lies mould'ring into duſt,
All that was lovely, excellent, and juſt!
Her God had bleſs'd her with an ample mind,
Which Faith inſpir'd, and Elegance refin'd.
She paſs'd, with Truth, her inoffenſive days,
In deeds of honor, and her Maker's praiſe!
Whoe'er thou art, by Pride or Pity led,
Muſe as you read this record of the dead.
If Flatt'ry hails thee beautiful or wiſe,
Now learn how ſoon that wit, that beauty dies.
If Vanity ſhould tint thy follies o'er,
Shrink on reflection, and be vain no more.
This hallow'd clay, ah me! could once give birth,
To brilliant thought, and charitable mirth!
Tho' now within the precincts of the tomb,
The valu'd atoms of her frame conſume;
By tyrant Death, from admiration driv'n,
That Grace on earth is now a Saint in heaven!

EPITAPH *on* MR. WILLIAM GARDNER,

Late Purſer of his Majeſty's Sloop the SCORPION, *who died at Barbadoes in* 1788.

IN cold obſtruction, 'neath this vernal ſpot,
My friend's conſign'd by Deſtiny to rot.
As Scipio continent, as Cæſar brave,
He ſcorn'd a tyrant, and he ſcoff'd a ſlave;
Tho' his heart's guardians would not nurture Fear,
That heart to Miſery gave the votive tear.
When Fate remov'd him from the ſocial van,
He ſmote a Chriſtian, Briton, and a Man!

AN

AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

LOVELY SABRINA, are your pulſes cold,
Has Fate's bleak minion cleft your frame at laſt?
Muſt I no more ſuch excellence enfold,
Are all the ecſtacies of being paſt?

Will all the agonies of poignant woe,
Will all the elocution of my ſighs;
Annul the evils of a mortal blow,
Or pour the beam of day upon your eyes?

Ah no! then I muſt live and feed my fears,
To watch your ſepulchre, reflect and grieve
The live long night, to meet the dawn with tears,
And weep till Philomel ſalutes the eve.

Tho' ſinewy genius would my pangs rehearſe,
No ſprings of fancy can reduce the ill;
The aids of fiction but degrade the verſe,
Whene'er the heart would dictate to the will.

Image of peace, my placid nymph, adieu,
Hither on Sorrow's wing ye little loves;
O'er her cold tomb your ſprigs of Cypreſs ſtrew,
Her heart was gentle as your mother's doves.

As Ruin melts her atoms by degrees,
And violets riſe to ſcent the ambient air,
I'll ſhield their buddings from the peeviſh breeze
And dreſs the mould with reverential care.

AN

ELEGIAC INVOCATION

TO

TIME.

On the death of FREDERICK PILON, *Esq.*

TURN, ruthleſs Tyrant, in thy fell career,
And give me back thoſe tranſports which are flown;
Reſtore thoſe bleſſings which I held ſo dear,
Thoſe fleeting joys thy keen edg'd ſcythe has mown.

Vain are the roſeate proſpects of our days,
And vain the ſtrugglings of the fair and wiſe;
While your bleak miniſtry can rive the bays,
Or draw their mantle over virgin eyes.

I knew the ſwain whoſe glories you have ſhorn,
And hail'd that knowledge with a grateful tongue;
From him I learn'd o'er weeping Worth to mourn,
And priz'd the moral that he ſaid or ſung.

His thought was ample and his wit refin'd,
Meek Pity led him oft to Want's abode;
His means were ill-proportion'd to his mind,
And ſunſhine ſeldom gleam'd upon his road.

Oh! ſheath my feelings, ever pitying heav'n,
When ſtricken Amity foregoes his breath;
To me the harſher attributes be giv'n,
Then, apathis'd, I'll ſcan the bed of death.

But ſhould I thus intemperate complain,
Can Grief's ſad tribute manhood's pride deſtroy;
That nerve which adds new poignancy to pain,
Can ſmooth and elevate the ſtream of joy.

VERSES*

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A PILGRIM,

At the MASQUERADE, *held in the* MUSIC ROOM, *Fiſhamble-ſtreet, Dublin, in the Winter of* 1779.

SINCE SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

PITY, ye virgins of this iſle,
To whom I kneel, to whom I pray,
Oh Charity! ſweet handmaid, ſmile,
To cheer a Pilgrim on his way.

The peerleſs nymph who ſtole my peace,
Is gone, and left her ſlave behind;
Ah me! that faith ſhould ever ceaſe,
Or vows be changeful as the wind.

More potent far her power is known,
Than Circe's ſpell, to waken Grief;
Or Nepthe's charmful, envied zone,
Or Paſſion's irreſiſtleſs chief.

* A few of theſe ſtanzas were originally written by a Gentleman of Dublin, and altered by me, and ſome have been ingrafted by Mr. MACNALLY in his Opera of ROBIN HOOD.

Her breath's like ſweets from Eden's bow'r,
  Her eyes the bright empyreal blue,
Her cheeks Pomona's richeſt flower,
  Her lips the coral waſh'd in dew.

Her mien appals the gazing throng,
  Her language ev'ry ſenſe ſubdues;
Soft are the numbers of her ſong,
  Like beamy Phœbus when he woos.

What points of wit may grace my mind,
  My memory caught from her diſcourſe;
Thus, iron, to the magnet join'd,
  Partakes of its inherent force.

To find her haunts, with eager care,
  Fatigu'd, I roam'd from clime to clime,
My plaints were echo'd by Deſpair,
  My queſtions ſcoff'd by fleeting Time.

I've travers'd Judah's barren ſand,
  At Beauty's altars to adore,
But there the Turk had ſpoil'd the land,
  And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece, the bold, imperious mien,
  The wanton laugh, the leering eye,
Bade Love's devotion not be ſeen,
  Where Conſtancy is never nigh.

By radiant Hope, in bondage led,
I pierc'd thro' deep Canadian ſnows,
As ſavage man uprais'd his head,
And, trembling, ſung of human woes.

Then the bleak wilderneſs I ſaw,
Where Iſrael's children hung the lyre,
Ere her proud tribes defi'd the law,
Or God in anger dampt their fire.

On Thules utmoſt verge I ſtood,
And, anxious, look'd beyond the land,
Till the vaſt, fierce, high-foaming flood,
Indignant, daſh'd me from the ſtrand.

Alas! tho' here I've ſped at laſt,
My pulſe is weak, my feet are worn,
My ſcrip's conſum'd, my tranſports paſt,
My being's ſmote, my honor's ſhorn!

Pity, ye virgins of this iſle,
To whom I kneel, to whom I pray,
Oh Charity! ſweet handmaid, ſmile,
To cheer a Pilgrim on his way.

THE BRUNETTE.

A BALLAD.

Set to Muſic by Signor Mazzinghi *and* Mr. Davy *of* Exeter.

My heart's ſoft emotions admit no diſguiſe,
To cheat the gay nymphs of the plain,
As the paſſions I feel are confeſs'd by mine eyes,
And Love ſhews the wounds of the ſwain.
Such, ſuch were my plaints, when I happily met,
The arch hazel eyes of my lovely Brunette.

The wandering kidlings that ſcud o'er the hills,
Leave their browzing to liſt to her lay,
She charms the ſwift courſe of the murmurring rills,
And arreſts the bright chariot of day;
The Winds ſtop enraptur'd to liſt to my Bet,
And gratefully fan the accompliſh'd Brunette.

Tho' Hebe was beauteous, thoſe beauties would fade,
If arrang'd by my bonny Bet's ſide;
When Nature created the peerleſs young maid,
She wrought her bleſt atoms with pride.
For ſmiles ſee expectant blythe cupids are met,
To couch in her dimples, and arm the Brunette.

Had

Had I all the wealth that ſtern Avarice fought,
When he ravag'd the glittering mine;
Had I all the treaſures which Croeſus had bought,
The gems, my ſweet girl, ſhould be thine.
But trifles, like theſe, are deſpis'd by my Bet,
For merit alone wins the lovely Brunette!

A HUNTING

A

HUNTING SONG.

Set to Muſic by Dr. Arnold.

WHEN the fore-head of Phœbus illumines the eaſt,
And the lark hails the birth of the morn;
I ſhake off the mantle that's woven by Reſt,
And obey the rebuke of the horn:
Then the chaſe, the blythe chaſe, gives a zeſt to the day,
And Thought ſinks immers'd in the loud hark away.

How weak are mankind thus to brood over ill,
Whoſe hearts were for happineſs made;
When the hunter's ſhrill note gives the cue to the will,
And Echo repeats what he ſaid.
Then who'd give to Morpheus one moment of day,
When the horn glads the ſenſes with hark! hark away!

Of old lovely Dian, with buſkin and ſpear,
Bruſh'd the gliſtening dew from the plain;
And the ſports of celeſtials could never compare
With the tranſports of Dy and her train;
Who cheer'd her fleet pack as the ſtag ſtood at bay,
And awoke heaven's envy with hark! hark away!

Tho'

Tho' Diogenes liv'd, as the tyrant of Mirth,
To the good of Humanity blind;
Had he follow'd the chace, not a doubt of man's worth
Would have enter'd his agoniz'd mind:
For if Care croſs our path not a being will ſtay,
But ſcoff his vile mandates, with hark! hark away!

THE

THE PATH OF INFAMY.

A POEM.

TO

RICHARD BROCKELSBY, M.D.

SIR,

IF any vanity directs me in this measure, it is in wishing the world to know that you are my friend. — When the bosom associate of JOHNSON *and* GOLDSMITH *praises my poetical efforts, I flatter myself they are not entirely contemptible. The following Trifle was begun at a very early period of my life, when I was under the tuition of* DR. TOWNLEY *in the sixth form of Merchant Taylors School. — You will be so kind as to receive it as my virgin poem, and proportion your charity accordingly.*

I am, SIR,

With great respect,

Your much obliged,

And obedient servant,

The Author.

THE PATH OF INFAMY.

SURE Love was delegated, blythe and bleſt,
To warm, to amplify the human breaſt.
Love warms the weary ſavage when he goes
Thro' Nemea's deſarts, or Norwegia's ſnows;
Strengthens the Indian lab'ring in the mine,
And gladdens him who pants beneath the line;
Fix'd the great cauſe from whence our joys began,
And gave refinement to perturbed man.
The wanton God, diſportive with his ſkill,
Breaks the frail texture of the female will;
Directs the nymph devoted to his pow'r,
And guides the wiſh to meet the varying hour.
Inconſtant Chloe then we ſhould not blame,
Who acts obedient to th' impulſive flame.

With ſympathetic ſigh we read of thoſe,
Whoſe paſſion prov'd the baſis of their woes,
Whoſe hapleſs tales illume the claſſic page,
In CLEOPATRA's death, and DIDO's rage.

How

How ſweetly tuneful SAPPHO could complain
LEANDER's fate, and ARIADNE's pain;
BYBLIS, her guilty paſſion and her tears,
Sad ELOISE, and PROCRIS jealous fears.
The noble ardor Reaſon ſhould reſtrain,
Unbridl'd Love engenders mental pain.

I ſing of ELLA, poor, ill-fated maid,
By ruthleſs man abandon'd and betray'd;
A peerleſs child, to old ARACTUS giv'n,
To cheer the eve of life, by pitying heav'n.
Her form was moulded by the hand of Grace,
And Beauty ſat triumphant in her face;
Her perfect mind, the theme of rival lays,
Beggar'd encomium, and exhauſted praiſe.
With Honour's nobleſt emanations fraught,
Untouch'd, unſullied by licentious thought.
Born to diffuſe delight, inſtruct, and pleaſe,
She blended wit, humility, and eaſe;
Lovely to all, enliven'd court or plain,
The ſons of faſhion, and the ſylvan ſwain;
The youth aſſail'd her in a ſuppliant throng,
And woo'd their miſtreſs in harmonious ſong;
Till ELLA's name, mid lyric numbers ſhone,
In ſonnets Ovid had been proud to own.
Infirm ARACTUS, with young joy, ſurvey'd
Their adoration of the lovely maid!
To men like him Athenian loins gave birth,
When pagan morals ſtrengthen'd human worth.

His

His high-born anceſtry were dear to Fame,
And much he priz'd the glory of his name.
A race eſtabliſh'd ſince the Norman band,
Seiz'd on the ſpoils of a divided land—
Refulgent Science beam'd on all he writ,
His paſſions paid their homage to his wit;
No vice could hold him, and no arts ſurpriſe,
In mirth exemplary, in anger wiſe.
He calm'd the bickerings of the rural throng,
And ſhew'd the bounds preſcrib'd 'twixt right and wrong;
With mild rebuke would ſocial errors ſcan,
And, paſſing judgment, felt himſelf a man.
Time's flattering ruin led him to decay,
And heav'n approv'd his inoffenſive day.

When Phœbus' beam had rip'd the golden ear,
Th' accompliſh'd ELLA knew her eighteenth year;
To hail, to celebrate the annual morn,
When ELLA, heaven's beſt ſubſtitute, was born,
ARACTUS gave a banquet to the ſight,
Where all concenter'd that could yield delight;
Sweet ſpice was gather'd from thoſe Indian iſles,
Where Day's bright god intolerably ſmiles;
And pregnant cluſters, cull'd by Tuſcan ſlaves,
Whoſe ſunny banks the azure Arno laves.
To glad the heart, to meliorate the head,
Pomona revell'd, and the vintage bled;

With

With rapturous ſmile he beckon'd nymphs and ſwains,
And half untenanted the neighbouring plains;
The op'ning gates receiv'd the brilliant throng,
Of motley maſquers and the ſons of ſong.

Amid the laughter-loving groupe, there came
A youth, the minion of immortal Fame!
The wily EDMUND, fraught with ſubtleſt arts,
To faſcinate the clew of female hearts;
Of vaſt domains he was the haughty heir,
And form'd by Nature with peculiar care.
Replete with ev'ry blandiſhment of ſpeech,
To ſoothe, ſubdue, inſinuate, and beſeech;
His mien was noble, his unbounded mind,
By the ſweet voice of Science, was refin'd,
Unchain'd by moral law, he wanton'd free,
The favour'd offspring of Inconſtancy.
With pilgrim habits was the ſpoiler dreſt,
The croſs and cockle-ſhell adorn'd his breaſt.

Mixt with the fair, who crouded Pleaſure's throne,
ELLA with inconteſted beauty ſhone;
She beam'd attraction from her hazel eye,
The magazine of Love's artillery:
Clad as bright Dian, rov'd the matchleſs fair,
A waning moon was twiſted in her hair;
Buſkin'd, ſhe look'd as eager to embrace,
The Parthian lance, or lead the early chace;

Goad

Goad the fleet ſavage o'er the mountain ſteep,
Or call reſponſive Echo from her ſleep:
Her neck's white baſe was partially reveal'd,
Her ivory limbs a flowing robe conceal'd;
Its tint an exquiſite purpureal bloom,
More rich than e'er was wrought in Perſia's loom.
Her treſſes borne upon the zephyrs wing,
Her cheeks, like dew-waſh'd roſes in the ſpring.
Elate, unmanacled ſhe trod the ground,
And ſmil'd, enſlav'd, and ſung, and laugh'd around.

To ſhake her rectitude with mortal charms,
To touch her mind with paſſions potent arms;
Smiting his breaſt, and gathering a ſigh,
Young EDMUND met the blazes of her eye:
Deſtroyed the placid harbinger of reſt,
And thron'd a rebel in her panting breaſt.
Diſturb'd, with trembling joy the wounded maid,
The manly figure of the youth ſurvey'd;
Her feelings ſtruggled with her virgin pride,
She felt a rapture which ſhe could not hide:
His lov'd idea o'er her ſenſes ſtole,
And jarr'd thoſe chords which harmonis'd her ſoul.

Uprais'd by tranſport, EDMUND could deſcry,
The amorous wand'rings of his ELLA's eye;
He ſeiz'd th' auſpicious hour when love prevail'd,
And thus the captive mimic nymph aſſail'd:—
Turn, brilliant ruler of th' inconſtant night,
Daughter of Bliſs, and Handmaid of Delight?

Pity

Pity a hapleſs pilgrim, doom'd to roam,
In ſearch of thee I left my peaceful home:
For you I'd wander Syria's flinty ſtrand,
And tear the creſcent from the abject land.
The nymphs of ſweet Jeruſalem reſtore,
Their antient honors and their ſacred lore;
Lift up meek Sion's melancholy head,
And guard thoſe temples where our Saviour bled:
Breathe but the iſſue of your gentle will,
Behold your ſlave to combat good or ill;
I'd lay my weary head mid Scythian ſnows,
Or where the heat with torrid fury glows;
Or dare the yawning deep, untam'd by Fear,
And ſmile, tho' Ruin ſhook his ebon ſpear.
Such deeds were happineſs, would you but deign
To hear my vows and diſſipate my pain:
But why thus arm'd, to ſtrike the fanged foe,
With barbed arrow and the ſilver bow.
Ah! what avails the force of ſuch diſguiſe,
The power to wound was given to your eyes:
There Fate, ſubmiſſive to your wiſhes, reigns,
Born to ſubdue, and lead mankind in chains.
Oh! would the wayward Muſes but inſpire
My fever'd fancy with that hallow'd fire,
Which radiant Phœbus exerciſed to praiſe,
His timid Daphne, in immortal lays;
Then ſhould my verſe be equal to my theme,
Nervous, auguſt, perſuaſive, and ſupreme!

Thus

Then would I tempt my ELLA to be kind,
And ſing the conflicts of a ſick'ning mind.
The fleeting moments, envious, ſteal away,
And Time contracts our beings with decay:
Shall we, like ideots, then forego our joys,
Whom Pain debilitates, and Time annoys?
When Pleaſure wooes us with a cherub's face,
And infant Raptures plead for an embrace.
Tho' fame and wealth my young career attends,
Tho' I live circled by unnumber'd friends:
Yet what are friends, or wealth, or fame, to me,
I'd quit them all to gain one ſmile from thee:
Sweet paragon of beauty, fount of truth,
Pride of the world, and bleſſing of my youth.

Thus the dread tenant of the oozy Nile.
Labours the journeying victim to beguile;
Draws from his flinty breaſt a faithleſs tear,
And ſeems moſt lovely, when the leaſt ſincere.

The firſt ſoft numbers ELLA heard him ſpeak,
A deep ſuffuſion ting'd her virgin cheek:
As bright and beauteous as Aurora's ray,
When from the eaſt ſhe gilds the new born day.
The recreant bluſh crept thro' the faint diſguiſe,
Glow'd in her face and triumph'd in her eyes:
Her ſighs o'erleap'd the barriers of her pride,
And ſpoke a language which her tongue denied.

The baneful incenſe in her fancy wrought,
Lodg'd in her boſom and debas'd her thought:
Creating Vanity, whoſe tyrant ſway,
Matur'd thoſe evils that diſgrac'd her day;
Like a falſe miniſter by complex art,
She told the ſecrets of her ſovereign's heart;
There, like a ſpunge, the ſmiling traitreſs lay,
Imbib'd her duties and uſurp'd their ſway.

From time to time, from hour to hour he ſtrove,
To ſmooth the features of illicit Love:
Hoping his theme, by Sophiſtry refin'd,
Would move the hallow'd beacons from her mind.
Still ELLA was allied to Honor's throng,
Her ſenſe withſtood the tenor of his ſong.

The jocund queen of bright Idalia's plains,
Survey'd his labours and deplor'd his pains;
Yoking her doves ſhe left the bleſt abodes,
Impetuous ſinking thro' th' ethereal roads:
As ſoft Favonius flutter'd by her ſide,
To chace the fogs from Vulcans radiant bride:
Touching the earth ſhe bounded from her ſeat,
As fragrant herbage kiſs'd her ſandall'd feet;
Reſplendant Flora deck'd the choſen ground,
And ſtrew'd her roſes prodigal round:
But ere the gathering herds could wand'ring gaze,
Or Nature gladden at her beauteous blaze,
The tender Goddeſs, blending with the air,
Shrouded and circumſcrib'd the peerleſs fair:

Touch'd

Touch'd her young boſom with the ſacred fire,
Till all the nymph was paſſion and deſire;
The fiercer ecſtaſies her fancy view'd,
Each ſenſe was ſtrengthen'd, and each doubt ſubdu'd:
Wrapt in illuſive hope, her breaſt was torn
With rapid pantings for the joy unborn.

When meek Diſcretion, whiſp'ring, ſpoke her fears,
Love's regent ſhut the alleys of her ears;
When modeſt ſcruples in her boſom wrought,
That urchin ſlew them, ere they roſe to thought:
Thrice ſhe repell'd th' audacious youth away,
And thrice he ponder'd, ere he ſmote his prey;
So much her action aw'd, he'd left her charms,
Had not her eyes been warring with her arms.
A time there is, when yielding virgins own,
That conqu'ring love uſurps the mental throne;
That luckleſs time the fraudful tempter ſaw,
Embrac'd his ſpoil, and made her will her law.

What can we do, when fervid Love inſpires,
But own his triumphs, and indulge his fires?
Celeſtial commerce! as the ſouls unite,
Melting in bliſs, and fainting with delight.

The conflict paſt, the ſoft convulſion o'er,
The victor ſated and the zeſt no more,
Indignant Reaſon re-aſſum'd her reign,
The nymph look'd wild o'er Miſery's domain:

Engend'ring Thought ſuppreſt her active will,
Her eye-balls gliſten'd, and her pulſe was ſtill;
Guilt's livid pencil baniſh'd half her charms,
And Horror wrapt her in his iron arms.

Thus the brown Indian, panting with the ray
That's fiercely ſhed in his meridian day,
Incautious plunging in the cooling waves;
His languid limbs, the reeking ſavage laves:
Led by Delight and confident of ſkill,
He gives a looſe obedience to his will;
Floats on the glaſſy ocean unconfin'd,
And leaves, unmoan'd, his native beach behind;
Heedleſs of ruin; till, with deadly aim,
A raging eddy circles round his frame;
Then vainly labours to regain the ſhore,
But art is uſeleſs, and his powers are o'er:
The foaming whirlpool drowns the note of woe,
And draws the victim with the ſurge below.

Where was the honor to his wit or wile?
She fear'd no danger, as ſhe knew no guile:
Her calm ideas, like the genial ray
Of lambent Phœbus, who illumes the day,
Reflected ſplendour on this mortal dream,
And brighten'd errors with a radiant beam.
When buſy Obloquy's envenom'd tongue,
The evil points of human frailty ſung,

She

She marvell'd Infamy could e'er prevail!
Her reaſon ſtagger'd at the hapleſs tale.
She thought the cauſe of feminine diſgrace,
Too black for love, too hideous for embrace;
It met her judgment indiſtinctly ſeen,
Weaken'd by doubts if vice had ever been;
On Nature's tree by ſlight adheſion borne,
She hung like ſnow upon the prickly thorn;
Unconſcious that her worth could be aſſail'd,
Where Flatt'ry blaz'd, or ſocial ſtorms prevail'd.

Like gather'd flow'rets in the rage of day,
Her beauties ſhrunk progreſſive in decay;
Torn from the moral ſtem which fed their hue,
Each gaudy tint receded from the view;
And all thoſe ſweets which iſſued to the ſenſe,
Were ſmote and ſuperceded by Offence.
Her blood rebell'd to heighten her diſgrace,
Fled her cold heart, and flaſh'd into her face.

Inſane effuſions gave the ſire to know,
The ſable origin of Ella's woe;
His heart grew heavy, as he heard the tale,
His eyes flaſh'd fire, his ruddy cheek turn'd pale;
Cold drops of terror on his temples hung,
Amazement froze the office of his tongue:
The placid relatives of Peace were ſlain,
The dart of Agony transfix'd his brain.

Thus when old Ocean renovates his reign,
And leaps the bulwarks of the belgic plain;
He ruſhes in with a tremendous roar,
The mounds are craſh'd around the reſcu'd ſhore:
Swift as the bolts of Fate the liquid ruin flies,
And all the pride of cultivation dies.

With nerveleſs arm, unſtrung by Time and Care,
He ſmote his boſom, and deform'd his hair;
Ere Nature clos'd upon his aching ſight,
With all her ſtores of temporal delight,
Thus he complain'd:—Oh! ELLA, curſed name!
Inmate of guilt, and advocate of ſhame!
Her deadly deeds have ſullied my renown,
Circling my temples with a baneful crown;
Her ſmiles no future rapture can impart,
Her crimes have burſt the cordage of my heart.
Is this, oh God! the fruit of holy praiſe!
Muſt this fill up the meaſure of my days?
Come, lenient Ruin, expedite relief,
Annihilate that worm which writhes with grief;
Bear me from Nature's ties, biſect Life's thread,
And mix my atoms with the melting dead.
If Jeptha ſtruck his pious child to duſt,
To ſhew th' Omnipotent he dare be juſt;
Then what ſhould I? to puniſh Virtue's foe,
Whoſe Vices gave her to immortal Woe:
Led her baſe mind to journey with Diſgrace,
And ſlurr'd the glories of an envied race.

That

That man preſumes, mid ſocial conflicts thrown,
To call felicity one hour his own!
I thought the full-blown gladneſs of my will,
Firm as the Œtan or Olympian hill:
From Peace to Hate, from Love to Horror hurl'd,
I ſpurn my being, and abjure the world.

Could we foreknow the perils of our age,
Could we tranſcribe Fate's adamantine page;
Egregious myriads would on ruin run,
And, hapleſs, e'er they bloſſom'd, be undone:
But Heaven has wiſely hid from human ſight,
The ſeeds of Fate in everlaſting night;
In love denied the future to reveal,
And barr'd the paths of ſcientific zeal.

Chain'd, like Prometheus, to a rock of woe,
Like him my blood and anathemas flow:
But far more keenly poignant is his ſmart,
Whoſe offſpring fix'd the vulture on his heart.

Fluſh'd with the candid properties of youth,
She ſhrunk with ſympathy, and glow'd with truth;
Her dulcet notes could all my ills aſſuage,
And lead my Paſſions from the arm of Rage;
Whene'er ſhe wander'd mid the jarring croud,
The vaſſal tribes with frame and ſpirit bow'd;
She mov'd like Peace with Charity endu'd,
Juſt dropt from Heaven to heal a mortal feud:

Oh cruel Memory! to blaze the theme,
Oh curs'd deſpoiler! to obſcure her beam.

Come, radiant Faith, thou hallow'd mental balm,
The earth-caught tumults of the wretched, calm!
Who ſtills the fever of the heated brain,
Whoſe voice extirpates intellectual pain:
When man's by congregated ills oppreſs'd,
He leans on God, is ſuccour'd, and is bleſs'd.
He could no more or execrate or pray,
His ſpirit ſoar'd above the realms of day.

Shorn of her beams and fetter'd by her thought,
The fallen nymph the caves of Sadneſs ſought;
Pre-damn'd in ſentiment, to Anguiſh given,
She hid her viſage from offended Heaven:
The ſiſterhood of Peace, who once ſhe led,
Mov'd as ſhe mov'd, and, as ſhe follow'd, fled!

E'en thus the ſtricken deer for ſolace flies,
Piercing the foreſt's boſom with his cries;
As Life's warm blood runs iſſuing, 'neath the ſpear,
His vernal inmates ſcoff each ample tear,
Which rolls ſucceſſive down his dappled face;
And fly his pains, or blazon his diſgrace.

Ere Death's cold finger touch'd her beamy eyes,
I ſaw the victim, and I heard her ſighs;

But

But ſaw no more, alas! the playful wile,
The roſeate hue of health, or dimpled ſmile;
Pale Melancholy triumph'd in their ſtead,
The roſe had wither'd, and the ſmile was fled.
Tho' Guilt had laid the flutt'ring empire waſte,
Her wiſh was loyal, and her thought was chaſte:
Still modeſt Habit claim'd her better part;
Still Delicacy clung about her heart.

In rude diſmay, allied to ſocial ſtrife,
She hung upon the edge of ſhelving life:
Like a bruis'd reed, whoſe ſorrow wounded head,
Is bent by tempeſts, o'er the pool's green bed;
To fructify that womb from whence it roſe,
And ſleep ſecure from elemental foes.

Her veſt flow'd looſe, by Negligence imbrown'd,
Her auburn ringlets trail'd th' unconſcious ground;
Lovely in ruin, tho' by Feeling ſlain,
She aw'd rude Inſult, and repell'd Diſdain:
Sublime Diſtreſs awoke a latent grace,
And penſive Thought bedim'd her bloodleſs face.
My fibres trembled at her matchleſs grief,
I claim'd Omnipotence to yield relief.

The immolated nymph thus breath'd her wrong;
In elegiac note and mournful ſong;
Which babbling Echo told the vagrant wind,
As ſympathetic Philomela pin'd.—

Oh, woman! hapleſs woman! doom'd to bear
The fool's entreaty, and the deſpot's prayer;
Whoſe worth is martyr'd on each vain pretence,
The ſlave of paſſion, and the toy of ſenſe:
By Heaven uprais'd, when kindred ties began,
The weak aſſociate of capricious man;
Who chains her judgment by erroneous rule,
And ſhuts her from the philoſophic ſchool;
Narrows her influence by partial laws,
And pleads the force of Cuſtom as the cauſe:
If ductile Prudence ſlumbers on her poſt,
Gaunt Vice aſſails her with a hideous hoſt;
Calls forth each wile her faculties to blind,
And ſteals the bright palladium of her mind;
Darkens thoſe rays which had illum'd her ſoul,
Then ſpurns the wretch for wanting what he ſtole.

Is there no eminent revenge above,
For violated oaths and perjur'd love?
Shall ruthleſs man our miſeries begin,
Yet wanton irreſponſive to the ſin?
The brilliant reptile marſhall'd every art,
To brave the prejudice and ſeize my heart.
Falſe as Amphiſſian waves his accents flow'd,
Which hide Deſtruction 'neath the liquid road;
With cruel ſkill he bent the ſervile knee,
And ſtood, like Ruin, 'twixt my good and me.
His toils, like furies in th' Æolian wind,
Beſtorm'd the placid current of my mind;

And

And made th' ideal billows, raging, riſe,
Till their rude vehemence had brav'd the ſkies:
So quick th' Enormities ingulph'd me in,
I look'd a Demon ere I knew the ſin.
Once Hope, in gariſh raiments, cheer'd my eye,
Renerv'd my wiſh, and check'd the unborn ſigh:
Ah, ſweet Seducer! whither art thou flown?
While ſocial Demons ſeize thy ſilver throne;
'Tis thine to ſprinkle manna o'er the mind,
'Tis thine to temper the ferocious wind,
'Tis thine to renovate the fancy's ſprings,
Raiſe the worn maid, and glad deſpairing kings.

That ſyſtem once becalm'd by lenient Grace,
Is irritable, changeful, torn and baſe.
Now couchant Guilt may lord it unalarm'd,
For Rage is breathleſs and her fiends diſarm'd:
That ſavage miniſter by Heav'ns decree,
Triumphant ſhower'd all her darts on me.
See my poor heart, behold its bleeding ſtate,
And then you'll own that I've exhauſted Fate.

Ah me, how limitleſs my darings flow!
Preſumption hails the utterance of woe:
We moſt are prompt to blaze a ſeeming wrong,
When Reaſon ſhudders at the angry ſong.
Oh blot from Mem'ry's ſeat that baneful hour,
When Love aſſail'd me with a tyrant's power;

My

My virg'n mind an eaſy captive found,
And my young breaſt receiv'd the fatal wound.
Can no harſh penance expiate my pain,
Or tears of Grief obliterate the ſtain?
Not all the waters of the pregnant deep,
Not all the ſtreams which iſſue when I weep,
Can perpetrate an act ſo good, ſo kind,
Or cleanſe the tablet of a ſullied mind.

When, to renew his bright creative reign,
The ſolar God emerges from the main;
Wiping his treſſes, while the matchleſs ſteeds,
Shake from their golden manes the ſaline weeds:
He leaves his Thetis in the briny deep,
To give a wretch to Sight who only wakes to weep.
How panting Rumour will her clarion tear,
To pour my tale upon the general ear:
Then will my ills be magnified in braſs,
Then will my attributes of honor paſs:
Or ſhould ſome valued deed ſurvive my end,
Charge but the language of a pitying friend.
Who'll ſay that nymph did thus, and having ſaid,
Both tongue and teſtimonial meet the dead.
For Envy's eloquent to mad the throng,
Sickly their peace, and modulate their ſong;
She cleaves adheſively to human pride,
As tendrils circumvolve the oaks rough ſide:
Not the parch'd glebe which Phœbus has oppreſt,
By opening fiſſures in its yielding breaſt;

So

So pleas'd, ſo eager drinks the guſhing rain,
As Envy's ear the ill-directed ſtrain:
The noxious ſtream thro' every cranny flies,
Poiſons their elements, and dims their eyes.
As Hate enhances the inſidious tale,
And ductile Faith bids Infamy prevail.
When Heſperus twinkles from his pendant ſphere,
He beams to witneſs a repentant tear.
Ah me! where are thoſe happy hours flown,
When Guilt, when Shame, to ELLA were unknown?
Then the ſwift foot of Time was led along,
By ſportive Purity and feſtive ſong:
Careleſs I ſlept, unconſcious of a moan,
My Peace unwounded, and my heart my own;
Then Heaven with pride my guileleſs being ſaw,
God was my guide and Virtue gave me law.

When Jove to being call'd that ruthleſs boy,
Who undermines the baſe of temp'ral Joy;
Ere he was arm'd to bid his millions fall,
Vengeance immers'd his baneful darts in gall:
Inconſtancy aroſe to mould his will,
And Diſcord led him to the fane of Ill.
Tho' the reſiſtleſs Winds have rudely broke
A nation's battlements, and riv'd the oak;
Tho' the vaſt Behemoth tremendous laves,
Ingulphing half the tenants of the waves;
Tho' fierce Convulſions ſhook Sicilia's ſhore,
Tho' the keen Panther gluts on human gore;

Yet

Yet is that God who toils but to enthrall,
More fierce, more fell, more terrible than all.

Oh, ſmiling Innocence, how ſweet thy charms,
Fed by Delight, and fearleſs of alarms.
Like Eden's groves portray'd in holy dreams,
Her mild demeanour dwells between extremes:
Her jocund hours peculiar tranſports bring,
Her beauties bloom in one eternal ſpring.
Warm'd by Integrity that nymph defies,
The foaming billows and the angry ſkies:
No peccant humours live within her veins,
The ſickly nurſery of unborn pains.
Her words, which meek Theology refin'd,
Sublime the frail ideas of the mind:
She gathers dignity from mould'ring age,
And laughs at Time and all his feeble rage.

Bending with woe I paſs the cheerleſs day,
As life's dimm'd lamp is haſt'ning to decay:
The triple Siſters ſcare my aching eye,
Their duſky pinions beat the yielding ſky.
They knit in dreadful congreſs o'er my head,
To catch the nod from Fate and cut my mortal thread.

Then thrice the nymph eſſay'd, but could no more,
Her body trembled and her pangs were o'er;
Her poliſh'd faculties no more could pleaſe,
The finer ſenſes faded by degrees;

The

The groſſer ſtill maintained a tardy ſway,
Like lofty columns at the waning day:
Pleading on bended knee to be forgiven,
She fixt her languid tearleſs eyes on heaven;
The grace of reſignation to impart,
And eaſe the tumults of a broken heart!
No liquid drops in pearly pride remain'd,
The ſprings were dried, the envied fount was drain'd;
The ſtreams of life, like lazy currents flow'd,
The flaccid arteries ſcarce ſuſtain their load;
No muſic now upon her periods hung,
She would have pray'd, but Speech forſook her tongue;
Raiſing her arms, ſweet Mercy to implore,
She ſunk in death and ELLA was no more.

I ſee the Virtues frown upon the deed,
And Innocence witholds her brilliant meed;
Go, ye calm Siſters, with our woes at ſtrife,
Who ſpurn the weakneſſes of human life.
Seek, with ſucceſs, ſome unimpaſſion'd fair,
Whom roſeate youth ne'er labour'd to enſnare;
Govern that Nymph with rational controul,
And guide the movements of her torpid ſoul:
Lead her thro' paths of Peace, unknown to Shame,
And gild the evening of her virgin fame.
Then give her to the duſt, in virtuous pride,
Who blameleſs triumph'd, and who joyleſs died.

How

How ſmall the weakneſs when our Ills commence,
How great the error in the conſequence.
Thus, when a traveller ſelects his way,
To croſs the foreſt at the dawn of day;
Tho' a few mingling ſhrubs, of texture ſlight,
Divide the precincts of the wrong and right,
Yet ſhould he hapleſs meet Deluſion's ſnare,
Hoodwink'd perambulates he knows not where,
Till ſombrous Evening, with a keen delight,
Preſents repulſive objects to his ſight:
Who having journey'd thro' the mazy gloom,
Finds, when fatigu'd, a Deſart or a tomb.

Be ours to execute an envied toil,
And cultivate, with care, the mental ſoil:
Prune the wild axioms of the riſing race,
And turn their feet from Anguiſh and Diſgrace;
Correct the efforts of the callow will,
And ſhew the vile deformities of Ill:
The milder Virtues to the mind endear,
And guide the plaints of Reaſon to the ear;
Marſhall the raſh intemperance of youth,
And preſs the judgment with this moral truth,
Ere the firm habits of their lives begin,
That Peace is incompatible with Sin.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY FOR SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MEN aver that the tints of his pencil all fly,
Be it drapery, flower, or feature;
The charge I own true, but that charge proves his art,
Dont Nature create her beſt works to depart?
And 'tis excellence, ſurely, you will not deny,
Where an artiſt can *imitate* Nature!

In the year 1768 Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted a three quarter picture of the EARL OF DROGHEDA: the peer was at that time very handſome, and the likeneſs preſumed to be very great. Soon after the Earl viſited the Continent, where he ſtaid for ſeveral years, and acquired a bilious habit, which materially altered his complexion. His private concerns calling him to Ireland, he was not a little ſurpriſed to find, on his arrival at Moore Abbey, in the county of Kildare, that his portrait had ſympathiſed with his body, and aſſumed a yellow hue, ſolely by the operations of time.

But, notwithſtanding all his faults with reſpect to the fallible quality of his colours, I would not wiſh to be underſtood as thinking otherwiſe than very highly of Sir. JOSHUA's abilities: he has been accuſed of plagiariſm, in borrowing from

from antient maſters, eſpecially by the late Mr. HONE, but there was more malignity than truth in the aſſertion. Not only candour but criticiſm muſt deny the force of the charge. —When a ſingle poſture is imitated from an hiſtoric picture and applied to a portrait in a different dreſs, and with new attributes, it is not plagiariſm but quotation; and a quotation from a great author, with a novel application of the ſenſe, has always been allowed to be an inſtance of parts and taſte, and may poſſibly have more merit than the original. When the ſons of Jacob impoſed on their father by a falſe coat of Joſeph, ſaying, "Know now whether this be thy ſon's coat or not;" they only aſked a deceitful queſtion, but that interrogation became wit, when Richard the firſt, on the pope reclaiming a biſhop, whom the king had taken priſoner in battle, ſent him the prelate's coat of mail, and, in the words of ſcripture, aſked his holineſs, Whether THAT was the coat of HIS ſon or not.—I admire Sir JOSHUA's ſatire and humour in reducing Holbien's ſwaggering and coloſſal haughtineſs of Henry the eighth to the boyiſh jollity of MASTER CREWE. One prophecy I will venture to make: though Sir JOSHUA is not a plagiary himſelf he will beget a thouſand: the grace and exuberance of his fancy will operate as the future grammar of portrait painters, and be conſidered as the beſt efforts of the Engliſh ſchool.

AN

AN
EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY,
IN
HIGH LIFE.

WHEN BARON BRUTE reproach'd his wife,
For matrimonial treaſon;
The ſportive fair with ſcorn replied,
She only followed Reaſon.
If that's the caſe, replied her Lord,
I prithee, don't forſake her;
But, zounds, my dear, you move ſo ſlow,
You'll never—*overtake her.*

AN
EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY,
Occaſioned by SIR JOHN LADE'S *ingenious method of managing his eſtates.*

SAID Hope to Wit, with eager looks,
And ſorrow ſtreaming eyes;
In pity, Jeſter, tell me when,
Will JOHNNY LADE be—wiſe?
Thy ſighs forego, ſaid Wit to Hope,
And be no longer ſad;
Tho' other foplings grow to men,
He'll always be—a *Lad.*

AN

AN

EPIGRAM,

Occaſioned by a diſpute between the EARL *of* *******, *and Mr.* LOCATELLI, *the Sculptor.*

A Lordling and Sculptor fell out t'other day,
When the Peer made excuſes he ſought not to pay,
For a groupe of prodigious fine figures;
Swore the men too *coloſſal* for Nature to own,
And too *ſoft* and too crumblous the grain of the ſtone,
To endure the Elements rigours.

With diſdain on his brow, and with rage in his mind,
The proud ſon of Phidias contemptuous rejoin'd,
And the Peer's high-born attributes marr'd;
The next time I toil in ſuch teſts of my art,
I will beg, as materials, my Patron's heart,
For that is both *little* and *hard*.

FOUR

FOUR DAYS MISERY:

AN

EPIGRAM.

In imitation of the French.

LAST Sunday night I loſt my ſteed,
Eclipse was not of better breed:
Laſt Monday night I loſt my couſin,
Not one is left me of a dozen:
Laſt Tueſday night I loſt my wife,
The joy, the honor of my life:
Laſt Wen'sday night I loſt my friend,
My ſorrows ne'er will have an end.
Pray who can have misfortunes worſe?
I'm really ſorry for my horſe.

AN

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY,

To the Freeholders of Middleſex and the Citizens of London, for the errors of

JOHN WILKES.

INCONSIDERATE Wits, to whom Phœbus in ſport,
Has the weapons of Ridicule given;
Direct many ſhafts of their acid-fraught minds,
Becauſe WILKES cannot wander to heaven.

But ſurely they all ſhould make Pity their guide,
To a man ſo reſtricted by Fate;
How the deuce ſhould he know or the right from the wrong,
Whom God has denied to look *ſtraight?*

COL-

COLLOQUIAL EPIGRAM,

Between Mr. Rose, *and* Mr. Steel, *on ſome rogues ſtripping the lead of the Treaſury.*

Mr. Steel.

ZOUNDS, Rose, ſome hardy thieves laſt night,
Have ſtript the treaſury pent-houſe quite,
And ſtolen all the lead.

Mr. Rose.

Tut, man, ne'er mind, we've lead in ſtore
For you, and I, and twenty more,
We've P——r A——n's *head.*

AN EPIGRAMMATIC IMPROMPTU,

At the Constitutional Club, *at* Willis's;

On being aſk'd if a Gentleman with his ſpectacles on his noſe did not reſemble the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.

ALL compariſon's bad, but, ſure this is the worſt,
Why with Fox would you wiſh to confound him;
Our friend has his *ſpectacles* faſt on his noſe,
But Fox has them *broken* around him.

AN

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY,

Between the LORD CHANCELLOR *and the Right Honorable* WILLIAM PITT;

On the appointment of SIR PEPPER ARDEN, *to the maſterſhip of the rolls.*

LORD CHANCELLOR.

IS it true you've fix'd ARDEN in LLOYD KENYON'S chair?
Zounds, the law wants a man with a head;

Mr. PITT.

That's the reaſon I gave my friend PEPPER the *rolls*,
As the courts could ſcarce furniſh him bread.

AN

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY

FOR

COMMON ROBBERS.

"It's harder for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, than for a camel to paſs thro' the eye of a needle."

Vide HOLY WRIT.

THEY ſay the ſacred lord of Lambeth grieves,
Becauſe ſome rogues have ſtole away his plate;
But ſure a chriſtian ought to thank thoſe thieves,
Who've clear'd the turnpike road to heaven's gate.

This is no jeſt of Epicurean brutes,
But a juſt dogma by that prelate given;
Riches are clogs to ſpiritual purſuits,
None but the poor are candidates for heaven.

Then let the lord of Lambeth ſigh no more,
(For ſigh he does, as vulgar Rumour ſaith,)
Leſt the dull million give their veſpers o'er,
And *imitative* fools forego their faith.

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC IMPROMPTU,

On ſeeing a beautiful Lady walking with Mrs. ABINGTON *on the* Steyne *at* Brighthelmſtone.

WHEN blooming LAURA walks the Steyne,
Young, elegant, and loving;
The Beaus enraptur'd view her mien,
And ſwear the nymph's improving.
For once 'tis true what Beaus proteſt,
As thus we know the caſe is,
THALIA's influence gives a zeſt
To Beauty and the Graces.

EPIGRAM-

EPIGRAMMATIC ADVICE

To a Lady of Quality weeping, whoſe Cheeks were painted.

AH, thoughtleſs A——R! wipe thoſe eyes,
Nor dim that brilliant ray,
Whoſe luſtre ſcorches human hearts,
And emulates the day.
Remember nymph, how ſhort the date,
Of every beauteous flower;—
The *roſe* which now adorns your cheek,
May periſh in the *ſhower!*

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC IMPROMPTU,

AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE:

On Mr. EDWIN'S *admirable performance of* FRANCIS, *in the firſt part of* HENRY *the* FOURTH.

NINE-TENTHS of our actors make *little* of *much*,
For I know all their worth to a tittle:
But EDWIN'S conception and powers are ſuch,
That he always makes *much* of a *little*.

AN

EPIGRAM,

Written on the 5th of November, 1788; when the WHIG CLUB *reſolved to erect a pillar at Runnymede, in commemoration of that illuſtrious epoch.*

THE ſiniſter WHIGS, in the third George's reign,
Have in general congreſs agreed,
To erect a huge column to ſhade the green plain,
In the hamlet of fam'd Runnymede.

What the deuce can they mean by this popular cant?
What end have the caitiffs in ſight?
'Tis an emblem of beauty, quoth TRUTH, they call want,
To make the baſe varlets *upright*.

It's rather, ſaid WIT, if we think ere we ſearch,
A ſymbolical offering to Fate;
That one half may be *pillars* of Albion's *church*,
And the reſt become *pillars* of *State*.

THE

THE
ROUT;
AN
EPIGRAM.

SAYS PETER to PAUL, I've oft heard of a *rout*,
Pray tell me, friend PAUL, what ſuch things are about?
A *rout*, replied PETER, 's an odd ſort of meeting;
Which happens when Folly her inmates is treating;
A motley aſſemblage, adults, girls, and boys,
Who mangle the abſent, drink tea, prate of toys,
Play at cards, and appal Common Senſe with their noiſe.

AN
EPIGRAMMATIC DESCRIPTIVE IMPROMPTU,

Written on the window of an inn, at Birmingham.

FOR willing nymphs and generous men,
Birmingham ranks the firſt of Britain's towns;
Tho' all its ſtreets and lanes, like human life,
Are full of *ups* and *downs*.

THE
BATCH OF IRISH PEERS;
AN
EPIGRAM.

SAYS TYRO to CLASSIC, who op'd the room door,
I have met with four words, which I ne'er ſaw before
In my volumes of Roman or Grecian lore:
I've turn'd and I've twiſted the ſubject, my friend,
Yet cannot divine what theſe ſymbols portend;
Prithee, tell me, I pray, what theſe ſcribblers intend,
By their *batches of Iriſh Peers?*

Thoſe *batches*, ſaid CLASSIC, are politic prog,
Like the ſops that were given to Hell's angry dog;
And which ideots eat while they're chain'd to a log:
Then, hey preſto! enrob'd in gay ſcarlet they're ſeen,
With a circlet of gold,—as the mob mock their mien,
They are led to a houſe where they generate ſpleen;
And all the fine curs—hang their ears.

AN

AN

EPIGRAMMATIZED DIALOGUE,

Which took place at the races at HULL, *in* 1787, *between Mr.* WITTY *and Mr.* FROST, *who were betting with conſiderable energy upon their reſpective horſes,* KNAP, RATTLE, *and* PRODIGY.

IN ſpite of all *Jack Witty* ſwore,
About his *Knap* and *Rattle*;
I'll bet an hundred, bellow'd *Froſt*,
My gelding wins the battle.

Done, for a hundred, *Witty* cried,
(The man is ſomewhat older)
I'll win your caſh, and then I'll make
Your diſpoſition *colder*.

Curſe it, why *Froſt*, you'd war with Fate,
By ſuch a ſilly meaſure;
Go, kick Preſumption in the breech,
And guard your fleeting treaſure.

For tho' you deal in *Prodigies*,
You cannot conquer Reaſon;
Then leave the matter in diſpute
To ſome more *frigid* ſeaſon.

In genial June thy influence fails,
Beſides, this truth remember:
The *Witty* triumph all the year,
And *Froſt* but—in December.

AN

EPIGRAMMATIZED COLLOQUY,

Which occurred between the Rev. Mr. Este *and* Captain Topham, *during the Election for Weſtminſter, in* 1788.

WHEN Este told Ned Topham that Fox and
his Geese,
Would all *trim his jacket* ſeverely:
Poh, poh, rejoined Teddy, a fig for their rage,
As I know all the worſt of it clearly.
Let the Party, by roaring, and raving, and threats,
Tell the *world* where the paragraph hurts,
And tho' all may find fault with my *habits* of life,
I'll be *dem'd* if they'll—**ſtick to my ſkirts.*

* This gentleman, among many other extraordinary features in his character, is remarkable for wearing ſkirtleſs coats.

AN

EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY

FOR

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS,

KNIGHT *of the* POLAR STAR:

Occaſioned by the national murmurings on the falling-in of the foundation at Somerſet Place.

WILL CHAMBERS ſcrew'd from Britain's purſe,
Five hundred thouſand pound,
To raiſe a pile, when part was rais'd,
It tumbled to the ground.
But let not Scorn annoy the Knight,
Or make his worth her prey;
He ſure deſerves a nation's thanks,
Who makes the *baſe* give way.

AN

AN

EPIGRAM,

Written at the time of the Coalition between LORD NORTH *and* CHARLES FOX.

LORD NORTH told CHARLES FOX, as they both
ſipp'd their broth,
I know by Britannia's queer looks,
That the wench is offended ſuch foes ſhould unite,
And will ſcratch us both *out of her books.*
Thus FOX, in reply, damn it, NORTH, never mind,
Should ſhe curſe our new creed of belief,
She may blacken that page where our names have long
ſtood,
For we both muſt *turn o'er a new leaf.*

AN

EPIGRAM,

Written at the time SIR CECIL WRAY *propoſed a tax upon maid ſervants.*

CECIL WRAY told MISS TRUTH for the miniſter's aids,
He would lay a ſmall impoſt on all ſerving maids:
Drop the point, replied TRUTH, as friend CECIL I've ſearch'd,
For maids in ſilk, woolſey, and camblet,
And am ſorry to ſay they're mere non-deſcript nymphs,
For I've found ſcarcely *one* in a hamlet.

THALIA's

THALIA's INVOCATION
TO
Mrs. ABINGTON.

COME, Abington, thou ever honor'd name,
Pride of my theme, and guardian of my fame;
Forego the habits of luxurious eaſe,
And deign to act, as you were born to pleaſe.
Gladden the motley tenants of the Earth,
Revive good humour, and eſtabliſh mirth;
With joy-fraught argument purſue your way,
And make the offspring of Deſpair your prey.
The bleak dominions of pale Care invade,
And bring the force of reaſon to thy aid;
Drive giant Folly from a ſinking ſtage,
Aſſume the ſock, and regulate the age.
See Truth demands you for a ſcenic guide,
And all the Paſſions woo you by her ſide.
Thou laughing chief of female greatneſs, ſay,
Shall Genius periſh, and ſhall Truth decay?
Bleſs'd by her Miniſtry, ſupport her rule,
Enforce her precepts, and adorn her ſchool.
Survey the mind of proſtituted Wit,
And ſhew where Honor trembled when he writ;
Whiſper the axiom Longinus taught,
And place the Stagyrite before his thought.—

'Tis

'Tis thine the race of Envy to defeat,
And ſolace Wiſdom on the judgment-ſeat;
Where recreant fools in buſy myriads croud,
Weak, tho' didactic, and unlearn'd, tho' loud.
With poliſh'd jeſt to baniſh redd'ning ſtrife,
And brighten ev'ry link of ſocial life;
Strip Falſehood of her ſeven-fold diſguiſe,
Admoniſh Anger, and delight the wiſe.
Seize Satire on the wild fantaſtic wing,
Aſſail its object, and apply the ſting.
Obedient Merit waits on thy command,
As Truth implores you to correct the land;
Reſplendent Phœbus marks you for his care,
And Virtue adds a poſtſcript to my pray'r.

A MONODY,

A

MONODY,

Written in 1787; on the DEATH *of the accompliſhed*
LADY HARRIET ELLIOT.

(Inſcribed to the EARL of CHATHAM.)

YE daughters of Britain, your paſtimes forego,
For the peerleſs ſweet MARCIA's no more:
Let the impulſe of ſympathy waken your woe,
And the heart's playful wand'rings be o'er.

See, breathleſs and cold, lie her beauteous remains,
In all the ſad ruin of youth:
Too cruel Hygeia! to flit from thoſe veins,
Whoſe pulſes were govern'd by Truth.

Thus erratic comets illuminous blaze,
To awaken Delight and Deſpair:
Ere Aſtoniſhment's fated, their ſplendour decays,
And the meteors melt into air.

How weak is the texture of fraudulent life,
How inconſtant the minions of Joy?
They viſit the fancy to generate ſtrife,
And ſmile when they mean to annoy.

Alas!

'Tis thine the race of Envy to defeat,
And ſolace Wiſdom on the judgment-ſeat;
Where recreant fools in buſy myriads croud,
Weak, tho' didactic, and unlearn'd, tho' loud.
With poliſh'd jeſt to baniſh redd'ning ſtrife,
And brighten ev'ry link of ſocial life;
Strip Falſehood of her ſeven-fold diſguiſe,
Admoniſh Anger, and delight the wiſe.
Seize Satire on the wild fantaſtic wing,
Aſſail its object, and apply the ſting.
Obedient Merit waits on thy command,
As Truth implores you to correct the land;
Reſplendent Phœbus marks you for his care,
And Virtue adds a poſtſcript to my pray'r.

A MONODY,

A

MONODY,

Written in 1787; *on the* DEATH *of the accompliſhed*
LADY HARRIET ELLIOT.

(Inſcribed to the EARL of CHATHAM.)

YE daughters of Britain, your paſtimes forego,
For the peerleſs ſweet MARCIA's no more:
Let the impulſe of ſympathy waken your woe,
And the heart's playful wand'rings be o'er.

See, breathleſs and cold, lie her beauteous remains,
In all the ſad ruin of youth:
Too cruel Hygeia! to flit from thoſe veins,
Whoſe pulſes were govern'd by Truth.

Thus erratic comets illuminous blaze,
To awaken Delight and Deſpair:
Ere Aſtoniſhment's fated, their ſplendour decays,
And the meteors melt into air.

How weak is the texture of fraudulent life,
How inconſtant the minions of Joy?
They viſit the fancy to generate ſtrife,
And ſmile when they mean to annoy.

Alas!

Alas! what avails the fluſh'd roſe on your cheek,
Or the luſtre which brightens your eye?
Ye fade by diſeaſe, yet the conſequence ſeek,
Ye flutter, ye triumph, ye die!

Amid the blythe circles appropriate to Mirth,
Go whiſper the ſorrow-fraught tale;
Let Elegance learn, ere her follies have birth,
That her being is wretched and frail.

Thoſe accents are chill'd by the mandate of Death,
Where the periods of Harmony hung;
That odour is fled which had perfum'd her breath,
And Eloquence ſleeps on her tongue.

Could Memory hide what Affection once ſought
To weave in the ſprings of the heart,
Or cleanſe from its tablet the records of Thought,
How we'd prize the oblivious art!

They ſay that Philoſophy ſubjugates woe;
Ah me! can that nymph have the pow'r,
When Miſery's tributes inceſſantly flow,
And Anguiſh uſurps ev'ry hour?

Go talk to the Winds of her wonderful ſkill,
As the Winds move unmindful along!
Her plaints cannot ſooth the repoſe of my will,
And my Senſes rebel to her ſong.

See the Virtues in deep meditation repine,
As Rumour rehearſes the theme:
And the grief-laden Willows all piteous recline,
To mingle their tears with the ſtream.

When Fate wings an arrow, to rob human kind
Of a relative CHATHAM held dear;
The pangs of diſmay ſhake the national mind,
And Albion deſponds o'er the bier.

Like Rome's bleſt palladium, in PITT's laurell'd head,
Britannia concenter'd her truſt;
And ſhrieks when the bolts of high heav'n are ſped,
To ſtrike his deſcendants to duſt.

MERIT

MERIT AND ENVY;

A TALE.

Written at Brighthelmſtone, *in Auguſt*, 1787.

(Inſcribed to Mrs. FITZHERBERT.)

WHEN Merit iſſued from the womb,
To wander o'er the Earth;
Apollo rais'd the infant maid,
And Beauty bleſs'd her birth.

Each kindred Virtue fed the nymph,
For gen'ral good deſign'd;
And ev'ry Science beam'd a ray,
To light her callow mind.

Minerva, daughter of the ſkies,
Aſſum'd the youngling's care;
While little Loves with tranſport ran,
To braid her auburn hair.

Serene

Serene Philoſophy eſſay'd
Her judgment to adorn;
As ev'ry human weakneſs fled,
Like miſts before the morn.

Her fancy gather'd all he taught,
And recompens'd the toil;
'Twas clear as Arethuſa's ſtream,
And rich as Eden's ſoil.

To ſhape her mien, the queen of Jove
Deputed ev'ry grace;
And all the blandiſhments of art
Illum'd her virgin face.

Warm'd by the bright Pierian maids,
She wove the lyric ſong;
With ardour ſtruck th' harmonious lyre,
And led mankind along.

Soft as the breeze of genial May,
Which warms the pregnant ground;
She caroll'd loud the dulcet lay,
As flocks ſtood liſt'ning round.

Now Pleaſure's blitheſome roſeate train
Uprais'd her youthful throne,
And Peace the lovely ſpinſter hail'd;
For Peace was then her own.

But Envy, like a hideous hag,
Annoy'd her calm abode;
If Merit ſought the bowers of Bliſs,
That miſcreant croſs'd her road.

Thoſe fleeting Hours, which Love decreed
Should ev'ry tranſport bring;
The recreant, baneful beldam ſeiz'd,
And poiſon'd on the wing.

Wedded to Hate, and damn'd in thought,
She ras'd the page of Fame;
When Echo ſpoke in Merit's praiſe,
Her breath defil'd the name.

Circled by Sin's emaciate race,
She met the Cauſe of ill;
No ſoft enchantment bound her feet,
And Phrenzy rul'd her will.

Her ſteely boſom, fraught with woe,
Acceſs to Joy denied:
Her only intimates were Care,
And Peeviſhneſs and Pride.

Her raging paſſions never knew,
The influence of Controul;
Her wild repulſive eye pourtray'd,
The language of her ſoul.

With

With infamous idolatry,
She mark'd her ruthleſs day;
On pallid Diſcord's ebon fane,
Would immolate her prey.

No kindly motive touch'd the ſenſe,
To cheat her into good;
No heav'nly agent chear'd her mind,
Or purified her blood.

By narrow principles coerc'd,
And bound by Falſehood's chain;
She ſaw the deeds of Merit, through
The medium of Diſdain.

For, deaf to Pity's genial claim,
She broke the ſprings of youth;
Her arts like an infected gale,
Suppreſs'd the growth of Truth.

Faint with thoſe blows which Envy gave,
From Hope, from Solace driven,
Meek Merit, goaded by Deſpair,
Thus pour'd her plaints to Heaven.

'Imperial Jove, all pitying Sire,
'Unfold thy ſov'reign will;
'Say, why am I thus doom'd to pain,
'Whoſe feelings combat Ill.

'Say,

'Say, why ſhould Envy thus aſſail,
'With keen and cruel art;
'Or ſend her dreadful arrows forth,
'To agonize my heart.

'Did Rapture deck her meagre cheek,
'I never ſhould repine;
'Ah! why is ſhe permitted thus
'To ſhake the baſe of mine?'

Then thus the ſapient King of kings
To Merit made reply;
Beaming around refulgent rays,
And leaning from the ſky:

'Daughter of Thought, your cares forego,
'Diſpel this gloomy dream,
'New mould the habits of your mind,
'The evil does but ſeem.

'Had Fate, when firſt he knit the world,
Excluded ſable night,
'Egregious man had never known
'The excellence of light.

'The brighteſt gem that e'er was torn
'From rich Golconda's mine,
'If not oppos'd to ſomething groſs,
'Had ne'er been known to ſhine.

'Then

'Then go, ſweet nymph, enjoy thy ſtate,
'Let Envy nurſe her brood;
'Embrace the points of human worth,
'And give the Harpy food.'

VERSES,

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

HAGLEY IN WORCESTERSHIRE,

The Seat of LORD WESTCOTE.

WHEN Philip's ſon that ſepulchre ſurvey'd,
Where palſied Time the ſtern Achilles laid;
He view'd the pile with reverential awe,
Whoſe frail contents had given nations law;
Upheld the recreant Greeks with godlike might,
And wrote, in blood, th' eſtabliſhment of Right.
If a rude Pagan thus could ſtep aſide,
To hail the duſt once warm'd by human pride,
How much ſhould I regard this hallow'd ſpot,
Where Wealth the indigence of Worth forgot:
Where LYTTELTON with Honor paſs'd his days,
And Bards beſtrew'd the threſhold with their bays:
Where THOMSON led the motley Hours along,
And drew the Seaſons in immortal ſong:
This is the bank where POPE his heart explor'd,
And wove a theme which BOLINGBROKE ador'd:
This is the vernal avenue he trod,
Imbibing thought to venerate his God!
Each tinkling rill, each mount, each dale, each tree,
Are ſacred all, as Iſrael's ark, to me:

Or

Or Jubal's timbrel, or the Delphic hall,
Or the Palladium on the Trojan wall.
In ſcenes like theſe, by Inſpiration fed,
Embower'd at Tuſculum the Roman read:
Impell'd by Love and Hope I rove around,
Yet dread to violate the claſſic ground;
Or wound ſome flow'ret by my vagrant feet,
Rais'd from a root that deck'd the muſes ſeat.
So pale, ſo panting, mov'd the ſteel-wrapt bands,
Who drove the ſavage Turk from Syria's lands;
And pierc'd, with fearful zeal, thro' Salem's gloom,
To lay their trembling hands on Jesu's tomb.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

ENVILLE IN WORCESTERSHIRE,

The Seat of the EARL OF STAMFORD.

HERE Elegance and Nature are combin'd,
Here heaven another Eden has deſign'd,
To charm, to bleſs the illuſtrious owner's mind.

Britain's Vitruvius chiſſel'd out the dome,
Science, with all her inmates, deck each room,
And Exerciſe witholds great STAMFORD from the tomb.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, decorate the place,
And eke hoar Winter, when fleet Dian's race,
Make woods and vallies ring with all the honors of the chace.

The doubling fox, on whom the hunter preys,
Thro' the thick copſe in palpitation ſtrays,
Eluding ruthleſs man, and all his wily ways.

Before

Before the manſion, on the vernal lawn,
In wanton movements ſcuds the agile fawn,
E'en thus we ſport with Care at reaſon's early dawn.

Here oaks erect their tow'ring heads in pride,
Here elms, in rows, beſkirt the meadows ſide,
And ſpotted trout, elate, mid pebbly riv'lets glide.

Here human wit learns government from bees,
Here choral ſynods carol in the trees,
And Hygeia freights with health the circumambient breeze!

Emblem of Time,—behold, the mowers wield
Deſtruction's ſcythe, and vegetation yield,
While Flora ſtrews her gifts o'er the new ſhaven field.

Around the precincts of the gay domain,
Full many a cottage peeps to mock the vain,
Where roſy ſylvans doubt if love or life has pain.

At eve, if envious ſylph ſhould not annoy,
Circling the hearth, they paſs the jeſt and toy,
And waſte their chequer'd beings 'neath the wing of Joy.

See near yon village ſmoke Devotion's ſpire,
Thither the old, the young, the meek retire,
Whom radiant Faith, and Hope, and Charity inſpire.

When ſcenes like theſe are given to the ſight,
The gazer's heart ſhould challenge the delight,
And ſuch the hamlet owns the Lord of ENVILLE's right.

ODE

ODE
TO
SIMPLICITY.

Written at the Leaſowes, *in* 1788.

HASTE, modeſt nymph, forego thy moſs-crown'd cell,
Clad in thy milk-white veſt
Of artleſs texture, by the Graces dreſt:
Come ſeek th' aduſt retreat of theſe lone groves,
Where SHENSTONE breath'd, ere Fate had rung his knell;
And join the requiem of confederate Loves.
Can you forget how oft, in wooing you,
He artleſs led the Paſſions in a throng?
No ſuppliant ever felt a flame more true,
And Wit and Beauty mingled in his ſong:
Tho' Nepthe blaz'd, her brows with mirtle twin'd;
Not all her lovelineſs could ſhake his conſtant mind.
In the meridian of his quiet day,
When gentle Reaſon had matur'd his youth;
The relatives of Phœbus bleſs'd that lay
He ardent gave, and gave it with his truth:
Pure were his morals as the Patriarch's thought,
And Heaven approv'd the dogma Fancy taught.
Ah, me! that breaſt which glow'd with patriot fire,
Beneath this graſs-green mantle lies entomb'd!
Cold is that nerve which harmoniz'd the lyre,
And all his bright'ning faculties conſum'd:
Come then, ſuch fallen excellence deplore;
His harp's unſtrung, his minſtrelſy is o'er.

LINES,

WRITTEN AT

FISHERWICK IN STAFFORDSHIRE,

The Seat of the EARL *of* DONEGALL.

To paint the ſylvan ſcene where patriots dwell,
What can befit the doric reed ſo well?
Had I Theocritus' his art or ſtrain,
Could I delineate, like Mantua's ſwain,
Theſe ſcenes, theſe ſlopes, theſe lawns, which Taſte refines,
Should live, like Tully's villa, in my lines.
Here interwoven ſhrubs exclude the ray,
When he who ſlew the Python heats the day:
From yonder willows' twining roots extreme,
Affrighted reptiles leap into the ſtream:
Beneath yon ſedgy bank, immers'd in mud,
Gaunt pikes await the tenants of the flood;
Whoſe ſilver waves in noiſeleſs current glide:
While ſtately ſwans upon the waters ride,
Each like another Jove, who forceful preſt
His broad white pinions upon Leda's breaſt:
Vaſt oxen lave in yon meand'ring rill,
Fat as the fleecy droves on Tempe's hill;
Or Laban's flocks, of whom the Hebrews tell,
When Jacob woo'd his Rachael at the well!

Here

Here the ſtall'd deer, in deep ton'd thunder lows,
Here Ceres bends the orchard's pregnant boughs:
And cowſlips ſpread, where many a languid fay,
Seeks a cool ambuſh from the fevering day.
Dryads, whom buſy population drove,
From the light leafy chambers of the grove!
Now iſſue from their dells, and cluſtering round,
All hail the produce of the fruitful ground!
Where infant * OAKS, by DONEGALL were ſown,
And form a ſhelt'ring foreſt of their own;
Cut from their trunks new NAVIES ſhall ariſe,
In after-times, to glad BRITANNIA's Eyes!

* His Lordſhip obtained the medal in 1779, for planting the greateſt number of Oaks, having, in that year, covered upwards of 25 acres, — for which he deſerves the thanks of the nation: I ſincerely wiſh that his example may be more generally followed, the planting of Oaks being an effort of more Patriotiſm than is commonly imagined, as their annual deſtruction far exceeds their annual growth.

AN

ODE,

ON

HIS MAJESTY's RECOVERY.

FROM Grief's afflictive bed uproſe,
Great GEORGE reſumes his ſceptr'd ſway;
As Fate, in pity to our woes,
Reſtor'd his intellectual day.

The virgin's ſigh, the widow's tear,
(A ſympathy to Guilt denied!)
The ſtateſman's pang, the hero's fear,
Call'd heav'n to heal a nation's pride:

See, ſee the roſy-finger'd Hours,
All jocund, every ill deſtroy;
Reaſon's renerv'd his mental pow'rs,
His diadem is ſmooth'd by Joy!

He'll like the Theban eagle ſoar;
He'll ſtrike Sedition to the ground;
He'll bid the generous lion roar,
To awe embattl'd foes around!

See

See Faction red with rage and ſhame,
Blaſpheming toil to burſt his chain;
As patriot Virtue walks to Fame,
Unclogg'd by Dread, unſmote by Pain.

May Time, who blazons Honor's cauſe,
The gifts of Plenty only bring,
To ſuch as bend to moral laws,
Who fear their God and love their King!

PLUMB PUDDING:

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

——— Oh! my dainty KATE,
She is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green ſod: nothing ſhe does or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf!

SHAKESPEARE.

MY blooming KATE, the Deſtinies divine
Decree, that you and I To-morrow dine
In ſocial converſe—trim thy frame, ſweet maid,
Be thou attractive, and the gods obey'd;
When ſilver-bearded Time has chaunted four,
Cupids ſhall guide me to my KITTY's door.

Let Neatneſs make the ſilver goblet ſhine,
To hold libations for the god of wine:
No port home-made, by honeſt fellows foes,
Of Britiſh brandy, cochineal and ſloes:
But pluck'd from ſtems once waſh'd by Formia's rills,
Or cluſters gather'd on Iberian hills:
Or where the noiſy Rhine impetuous glides,
Biſecting kingdoms with his purple tides.
Now Winter's ſhrieking, chilling minions blow,
And the high mountains are oppreſt with ſnow;
Be the grate pil'd to ſquare with my deſire,
I hate a niggard or in wine or fire.

Taſte,

Taſte, like a deſpot, irreſiſtleſs rules,
Monarchs and ſlaves, philoſophers and fools:
Some love the ortolan, and ſome the pine,
Some the ſcal'd ſturgeon, ſome Weſtphalian ſwine:
Some the flat dory, ſome the woodcock's thigh,
Some the green turtle, others ſalmon fry:
On ſuch rare viands let who wills it dine,
Be the rich, reeking, hot PLUMB-PUDDING mine!

Now my imagination paints the charm,
Now my fine feelings catch the blythe alarm;
My high-wrought expectation's on the rack,
My eager lips involuntary ſmack:
Not unpolluted maids at thirty-eight,
Who've caught a luckleſs dolt in Hymen's net,
So ardently the lazy Hours entice,
As I to ſolace on the virgin ſlice.

Excuſe me, peerleſs relative of Beauty,
If thus I point the progreſs of your duty:
I love my nymph and PUDDING both well dreſt,
When they are perfect I am more than bleſt.

KATE, if you nobly pant to be renown'd,
Firſt let your *flour* be exquiſitely ground:
Soft as the pulpy lips of Vulcan's dame,
White as the ſmock which ſhields your matchleſs frame:
For bakers cheat poor maidens when they're dealing,
And give 'em, ſtead of *wheat*, coarſe traſh with *meal* in;

The

The next thing in your catalogue of care
Muſt be the *eggs*, for *new-laid eggs* are rare:
As huckſt'ring traffickers bring ſcores on ſcores
Of *eggs*, from Scotia's and bleak Mona's ſhores:
But thoſe are chiefly damag'd ere they'll ſell,
And hold dead chickens in a fœtid ſhell.

Be very careful where you get your *plumbs*,
And, prithee, ſtone 'em with your own ſweet thumbs:
But not thoſe rip'd in Luſitania's heat,
Nor thoſe compreſs'd by ſweating Indians feet:
But fruit from Malaga, where Phœbus throws
His rays around him, and creative glows!
Then, buy a *lemon*;—but, my gentle KATE,
None of that ware expos'd at Guildhall Gate
By Iſrael's tribes; but one LEBECK might uſe,
Ample, thin-rinded, and replete with juice:
Squeeze a few drops upon the yielding *paſte*,
'Twill give a flavour, and improve the taſte:
To harmonize the light ſalubrious food,
Spare not the *milk*, but let that *milk* be good;
No wat'ry beverage, which wenches cry
Thro' London ſtreets, and, as they bellow, lie!

Grate ſome choice *nutmeg*, ſpice and I agree,
And ſprinkle ſparingly ſome *l'eau de vie*:
With *cloves* and *mace* inlay the PUDDING then,
Juſt here and there, as God ſtrews honeſt men.

Be

Be circumſpect when you procure your *ſuet*,
If you are negligent, perhaps, you'll rue it:
As butchers ſubſtitute oft filthy fat,
And call it *ſuet*—pray beware of that:
I'd have it torn from ſome huge bullock's ribs—
Truſt not your maid in this, for maids tell fibs.

Suppoſe all this arrang'd, the toil near done,
And you have ſcrap'd your fingers, one by one,
Tie it up cloſe, and, when the water's hot,
Immerſe the mixture in the gaping pot;
There let it boil, until the genial heat
Binds the concretion in its central ſeat.

Remember, PUDDINGS properties are ſuch,
If they are boil'd too little, or too much,
The whole intent is marr'd—gueſts leave the place,
And Cook and Hoſteſs wreſtle with Diſgrace.

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENT.

A TALE.

——— *Throw Phyſic to the Dogs,*
For I'll have none on't.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are in Albion *three* o'ergrown profeſſions,
Which Reaſon oft has ſworn wont bear the teſt;
PHYSIC is *one*, engendering quick Tranſgreſſions,
Of that keen varlets often make a jeſt.

Juſt warm from Edinburgh's death dealing college,
A ſtony-hearted Wight ſought Worceſter town;
Arm'd with diploma, wig, cane, cough, and frown,
To hide his want of academic knowledge:
There by Pharmacopoliſts prais'd 'bove meaſure,
He thinn'd the race of Britons at his pleaſure.

No rueful rogue that ever took a *fee*,
Was higher priz'd by Atropos than he;

He

He knew all *arts* to gather wealth or fame,
Gold was his God, and RUIN was his name.
Gave *lime* and *lees* for *antimonial* wine,
And, ſtead of *Rhubarb*, pulveriz'd *brown wood*;
Ground *oyſter ſhells*, for *alb. Magneſia*, fine,
Which RUIN thought was every whit as good:
Gave *ſnuff* and *vinegar* by way of potion,
And *chalk* and *water* for a lenient lotion.

I've heard, in rural circles, Slander boaſt!
Old RUIN in his day had ſlain a hoſt:
But who wont Envy ſlaver in her den,
The DOCTOR felt her ſtings, like other men.

'Tis ſaid that RUIN, tho' immenſely paid,
Took care, (like Tinkers, for the good of trade,)
Whene'er he brac'd the *lungs*, to heave the wind,
To leave an embryo, unborn *Gout* behind;
Of that ſure Common Senſe could ne'er complain,
The cauſe was policy, the end was gain:
But if ſhe did, her taunts had ne'er diſtreſs'd him,
While UNDERTAKERS and the DEVIL bleſs'd him.
E'en tho' he had been taken in the fact,
His peers in Warwick-Lane would all have riſen,
Like Drones emerging from their ſtraw-built priſon,
To juſtify the act;
Nor force, nor fraud, nor ſubtlety can part 'em,
When leagu'd to ſhield a DOLT, who kills *ſecundum artem*.

But

But to the point,—a moiſten'd ſot, one DICK,
An honeſt ALE-DRAPER, fell wond'rous ſick;
With woeful pangs his jocund mind was ſmitten,
Juſt as potatoes are froſt bitten.
RUIN was call'd in haſte to do his beſt,
And give Relief to RICHARD's tortur'd breaſt:
A *fine ſlow fever* was the ſharp diſeaſe,
Which RUIN *coax'd* with joy, and *ſnatch'd* the fees.
He kindly ſooth'd the dull, diſorder'd ninny,
And chang'd, for many a rough, long-hoarded guinea,
Rec. cal. drachmas duas, ſal. vol. quantum ſuff.
And all ſuch curſed hocus-pocus ſtuff.
The Patient took this concrete as a *bolus*,
Tho' with a heavy heart,
He felt an inward, mortal, poignant ſmart,
Threaten to ſepulchre his body *ſolus*.

I marvel that the young carbuncl'd God,
Or blythe Anacreon came not in the nick;
To hide their ſlave from Eſculapius' rod,
And bear from Agony convivial DICK;
Nor God, nor Bacchant came to try their ſkill,
And RUIN goaded RICHARD at his will.

He *bliſter'd* him with *muſtard* and *crabs eyes*,
A charming ſubſtitute for *Spaniſh flies*;
Then gave a *lavement* ſeven times a day!
Yet RICHARD's malady would not give way.

He

He after lacerated DICK's warm veins,
Till the blood flow'd like ſtreams from Lincoln's drains:
Yet not the leaſt were RICHARD's ills aſſuag'd,
The more that RUIN did, the more the *fever* rag'd:
He pour'd *Elixirs* down his throat by gallons,
Yet could not diſengage Death's morbid talons.
But RUIN, finding that the ſeat of life
Was touch'd, and RICHARD's ſoul and clay at ſtrife,
Reſolv'd to leave no means untried,
To reſcue RICHARD from the Stygian tide,
Knowing an evil gueſt was in the houſe,
He quickly open'd every nat'ral door,
Teazing the fiend as kittens teaze a mouſe,
Celſus himſelf I'm ſure could do no more.
He plung'd him in the vapour baths quite hot,
Juſt as they throw a cabbage in a pot;
There he lay ſoaking for at leaſt ſix hours,
Till Imbecility benumb'd his powers:
Whenever DICK 'bove water popt his head,
Pleading for mercy, being nearly dead;
RUIN, with furious ardour graſp'd his cane,
And pok'd the dripping DRAPER down again.
At laſt they dragg'd him out, when DICK's looſe ſkin,
Was ſodden'd well without, and waſh'd within.
He fretted,
Sweated,
Moan'd,
Groan'd,
Alas!
Poor DICK, what an Aſs!

To extirpate his ills,
He gulph'd a waggon load of pills;
But, growing worſe and worſe,
And being brought to Penury's wide door,
Ragged, emaciate, and poor,
Mutter'd out ſomewhat like a ſick man's curſe!

Old Ruin ſeeing nothing left to pay,
Prepar'd, as Prudence urg'd, to go his way:
But ere he gave the Publican to Death,
Whoſe lungs could hardly yield reſponſive breath,
Holding the *final fee*, by thumb and finger preſt,
He thus the pallid, piteous oaf addreſt:—

Dick, I perceive you grudge this fee I've ta'en,
But that's a trifle, man, to baniſh pain:
Here! take this doſe, you'll love me when you try it,
And who'd want eaſe, I prithee, that can buy it.

Ah! Doctor, Doctor, wheez'd the wretch in bed,
Lifting his palſied, cold, cadaverous head:
'Tis true, your efforts have ſubdu'd my pain,
For Death, thro' all my muſcles, pulſes, bones,
Now, whiſp'ring, tells me, in unerring tones,
'Twill *never come again!*

THE

THE SERJEANT AND DRUMMER: A TALE.

How happy's the ſoldier who lives on his pay,
And ſpends half a crown out of ſixpence a day.
Vide OLD SONGS.

AFTER they'd gutted Cantia's ſouthern towns,
A SERJEANT and his DRUMMER came to DEAL,
The latter end of May;
Extracting gentlemen from gaping clowns;
But neither thought it any crime to ſteal,
And eke the ſcantineſs of ſoldiers pay:
Of purl and ale theſe bloody chieftains drank hard,
And ſometimes, thoughtleſsly, brought off the tankard.

One market morning, as the SERJEANT ſtood
Adroitly meaſuring the PORTREEVE's brain,
Boaſting to this vaſt magiſtrate of wood,
Of all thoſe Spaniards he had—never ſlain;
He ſaw his Lackey haſtening to the place,
With his huge drum brac'd tight acroſs his ſhoulders;
To prove he thought ſuch habits a diſgrace,
And ſhew what Power dare, to the beholders;

Thus

Thus diſembogu'd his military ſpleen,
And burſt upon him, like a culverin: —
Why! how now, Villain! have you nought to do?
This is the time to ſound a *rat tat too;*
S'blood, fury, thunder! beat for volunteers!
Or you ſhall have my halberd on your ears!—
Huſh, huſh! rejoin'd his colleague, ſoftly, mum,
I've ſtole a turkey—zounds, it's in my drum.

Then thus the SERJEANT to the PORTREEVE ſpoke,
And put a ſerious face upon the joke:
Curſe it, Misfortune's thrown into our diſh,
Much oftener than we wiſh;
This fellow's run his arm againſt a cart,
And cant fulfill his duty for the ſmart!
I'm ſorry, JACK, to ſee you ſo diſtreſt,
But I'll take care to eaſe this ſtroke of Fate,
Go to your quarters, I'll be with you ſtraight,
And ſee it nicely dreſt.

THE PRIEST AND THE PLAYER:*

A TALE.

(Inſcribed to the bench of Biſhops.)

A Famiſh'd ſon of Theſpis, who had oft
Lodg'd with Contentment in an ale-houſe loft,
By lean Ambition, and the Muſes led,
Who warm'd his paſſions, but, denied him, bread,
A luckleſs wight, but yet, alas! not rare,
Who beat the drum, and gave the bill of fare,
Creeping from door to door, with ſervile mien,
To tell the wonders waiting to be ſeen;
When ſolemn Eve ſhould ſtill the babbling throng,
And the rude hamlet liſt to Shakeſpeare's ſong,
Bearing with patient ſhrugs and goaded mind,
The wormwood jeſts of each unfeeling hind,
Tho' the erratic king was meant by Fate
To give ſuch ideots law, and grace the human ſtate;
This motley mouther of heroic meaſure,
Engender'd when the Planets frown'd on Pleaſure,
Was ſo borne down by Want one ſabbath day,
Not having ate for four and twenty hours,
That he neglected or to think or pray,
So much had hunger ſhook his mental powers;
Unbleſt,

* This circumſtance happened to the ingenious Mr. CUNNINGHAM in the county of Durham, when a member of a ſtrolling company.

Unbleſt, unmoan'd, unaided, and unfed,
By Accident and Deſperation led,
To a ſmall rivulet meand'ring clear,
He made a temporary hook and line,
In hope to ſtop ſome ſpeckled trout's career,
To ſate his wiſhes, prop his life, and dine;
But in the very zenith of the deed,
Juſt as the fiſh began to move the fly,
Richly appointed on a mettled ſteed,
A fat unwieldy PLURALIST rode by:
What's this, you caitiff? roar'd the reddening prieſt,
Tell me, how dare you ſeek this crying evil?
Make you the canons of the church a jeſt?
Hark! the bell tolls, to ſnatch you from the devil.
The ragged ranter heav'd a heart-born ſigh,
As on the vernal bank half clad he ſat,
Leering, contemptuous, with his dexter eye,
Beneath the pent-houſe of his Time-brown'd hat,
And thus extinguiſh'd, in a manly tone,
The pamper'd, haughty, ſelfiſh, ſocial drone:
I truſt I ſhan't be damn'd, as ſcholiaſts ſay,
For ever, and a day,
Tho' I muſt own I am a ſable ſinner,
Peter, will ſure, receive a wretch like me,
(For he lov'd fiſh, and angled in the ſea,)
Whoſe fiend is Famine, and whoſe hope—a dinner.

THE

THE FISHERMAN AND CYNIC.

A TALE.

(Inſcribed to the MISANTHROPHI.)

FELICITY, by all, is ſought;
By ſome commanded, others bought:
Tho' Happineſs to mortal view,
Changes like the Cameleon's hue.

A CYNIC, whoſe contracted breaſt
Ne'er gave admiſſion to a jeſt,
Forſook, one morn, his calm abode,
To muſe and murmur as he rode:
Reading upon his mental pages,
The dogmas of ſucceeding ſages;
Yet none could ſatisfy his mind,
But Heaven had been to man unkind;
Tho' Phœbus proudly blaz'd before him,
His beams, to Peace could not reſtore him,

After he'd ſpent the genial day
In ſinking, to himſelf a prey,

And

And raiſing bulwarks 'gainſt Content's aſſiſtance,
He ſaw an ANGLER at a diſtance:
While he was putting up his rod,
And ſinging merrily, to glad his God:
As he apparent breath'd without annoy,
The Cynic ſpurr'd his ſteed to mend his pace,
And, curious, hurried to the place,
To find the origin of ſo much joy,
The ſurly ſeer accoſted thus the ſwain:
Tell me, thou jocund tyrant to the fiſhes,
Has your ſucceſs been equal to your wiſhes?
So, ſo, replied the clown, and ſung again.
So, ſo, is inconcluſive ſpeak downright;
You trifle with me; you're diſpos'd to quibble.
Why then, ſaid t'other, tho' I've got no bite,
I've had—a glorious nibble.

The ſtricken Ingrate, with ſurpriſe,
Thus utter'd, lifting up his eyes,
Ah me! ye Gods, can ſuch a creature be,
The ſocial intimate of Glee?
This moment, Anguiſh to the winds I blow:
Fool that I was, to droop with grief,
When ev'ry trifle brings relief,
How weak thoſe antients were, who aſk'd the Sybil,
How they might ſtep aſide from human woe;
When bliſs depends upon a—nibble.

VERSES,

VERSES,

WRITTEN IN 1785,

On STEPHEN RUTTER, *an infirm old man, who formerly opened the gate at* COLNBROOK, *for his Majeſty and thoſe travellers who went through* DATCHET *to* WINDSOR.

ON the weſt road, which leads you down
To Bath, near Colnbrook's famous town,
Reſides a man of low renown,
Yclep'd by all poor STEPHEN.

In ſcanty ringlets, thinly ſpread,
The ſilver locks fall round his head,
And tacitly demand the bread,
Implor'd by honeſt STEPHEN.

All ye, who would old Care beguile,
Or mirth-impell'd, at Nature ſmile,
Or ſave your horſe at leaſt a mile,
I charge ye liſt to STEPHEN.

All ye who ſeek high Windſor's gate,
To ſee your king devoid of ſtate,
And learn to be both good and great,
Incline your ears to STEPHEN.

With decent ſmile, and rural grace,
He doffs his hat, and tells his caſe:
The CLEMENT COTTREL of the place,
They've blazon'd honeſt STEPHEN.

Perſuaſion lives upon his tongue,
He melts the hearts of old and young;
From nymphs and ſwains the pence are flung,
To ſolace poor old STEPHEN.

Ere haſt'ning Time had pluck'd his wing,
'Twas he was foremoſt in the ring,
For who could dance, or blythely ſing,
So well as roſy STEPHEN.

His fame was ſpread the hamlet round,
By all careſs'd, by all renown'd,
The village maids with rapture own'd,
They gave their hearts to STEPHEN.

Young Bacchus, with a ſmile divine,
(For oft had STEPHEN kiſs'd his ſhrine,)
Immers'd his pencil deep in wine,
To paint the noſe of STEPHEN.

Each ruby pimple, gazers ſee,
Holds in its womb, ſo Truth told me,
A hogſhead, in epitome,
Of Brandy drank by STEPHEN.

When

When STEPHEN dies, as die we muſt,
Rich ſtems will iſſue from his duſt;
And every bleeding grape, I truſt,
Yield atoms of old STEPHEN.

Hearts-eaſe and Thyme will deck the place,
Which Ruin never ſhall efface,
Nor vagrant, leaky dog debaſe,
The hillock rais'd o'er STEPHEN.

Arrang'd in rows, you'll ſee his poſies,
Compos'd of cowſlips, pinks, and roſes,
To catch the wand'rers by their noſes,
And bid them think of STEPHEN.

He ſells his fruit as cheap as any,
Nay, cheaper, I have heard, than many;
And gives a bleſſing for your penny,
Then who'd not buy of STEPHEN.

His crab ſtick, with a knotty head,
His ſon beſtow'd, alas! who's dead!
When Thought pervades his clay-cold bed,
Tears ſcald the cheek of STEPHEN.

STEPHEN ne'er lauded knaves or fools,
Or touch'd the threſhold of the ſchools;
He gathers Wit from CHARLES'S RULES,
While Pity nurtures STEPHEN.

Tho' myriads utter hymns forlorn,
Who fill their cups from Plenty's horn,
Or bright, or dimm'd, each riſing morn,
Creates a joy for STEPHEN.

Snug in his hut, he quaffs his bub,
Where Boreas gives him many a rub,
Its ſize, the Grecian cynic's tub,
But large enough for STEPHEN.

Indignant Fate! oh, dire to tell!
Enrag'd to ſee ſuch merit dwell
On earth, within a mortal ſhell,
* Seiz'd half the frame of STEPHEN.

Yet, tho' he bends 'neath Fate's controul,
And comfortleſs his hours roll,
Unwounded is the manly ſoul,
Of upright, honeſt STEPHEN.

Tho' from the page of Science driven,
To him the beams of Grace were given;
He bends his mind in fear of heaven,
So chaſte in thought is STEPHEN.

Here

* About this time he had a paralytic ſtroke, which took away the uſe of his right ſide.

Here let the Stoic tribes combine,
And form their creed, old man, from thine,
Then their philoſophy reſign,
And learn to bear from STEPHEN.

The thruſh, the robin, and the wren,
Who fly the haunts of fraudful men,
Perch on the ſhelves within his den,
And live in peace with STEPHEN.

An aſs he has, both fat and ſleek,
Like Balaam's charger, wiſe and meek;
When Sol's bright rays yon mountains ſtreak,
He's ſaddled for poor STEPHEN.

This noiſy wonder of the plain
Was bred in Beaulieus bleſt domain,
Where all the Loves and Graces reign,
And given to poor STEPHEN.

I hope no caitiffs as they paſs,
Will ſteal poor NED, for then, alas!
The man muſt live without an aſs,
And all will ſigh for STEPHEN.

A

PROLOGUE,

For the opening of CROW STREET THEATRE, DUBLIN, *in* 1788.

IN antient Greece, as faithful bards relate,
When wand'ring Theſpis ſought th' Athenian gate,
Itinerant Muſes wag'd their mimic war,
And woke the Paſſions from a rude built car.
But ſince, from want, by general bounty led,
Their fanes are ſpacious, and their ſervants fed:
Then Science mounted on the Eagle's wing,
Ambition's progeny were taught to ſing;
And Jove, to philanthropic good reſign'd,
Bade Genius riſe, to harmonize mankind.

On this fam'd ſpot has MOSSOP breath'd his groans,
And BARRY charm'd ye with his ſilver tones:
Tho' Senſe laments ſuch excellence is o'er,
Their merits matchleſs, and the men no more!
Strengthen'd by you, new MOSSOPS may ariſe,
And future BARRYS iſſue ROMEO's ſighs.

The Drama lives to cheriſh Wiſdom's cauſe,
Illume her pages, and uphold her laws;
To point example to the guileleſs youth,
And give to Fiction all the grace of Truth;

With

With nervous apothegm and poignant jeſt,
To touch the prejudice, and warm the breaſt;
By nice degrees to make the Conſcience ſtart,
And tear the reigning Folly from the heart:
Joy deals her magic from th' obedient ſtage,
And woes unreal humanize the age.
The feeling matron wipes her tear-fraught eye,
And virgin boſoms heave th' impaſſion'd ſigh:
For you Tradition rears her motley throne,
Who make the feats of patriots paſt, your own;
Till long departed greatneſs lives refin'd,
And godlike morals renovate the mind.

To make that Drama proſper in our iſle,
The aid we covet is—the public ſmile:
Bleſt by the influence of ſuch a ray,
No ills ſhall chain us, and no toils diſmay;
The bright Parnaſſian choir ſhall lead the throng,
And Phœbus regulate the ſcenic ſong;
Sublime example meliorate the age,
And Virtue raiſe her banners on the ſtage.

A

PROLOGUE,

Written for ſome GENTLEMEN *who performed a Tragedy at the Lyceum, in the Strand.*

YOU'LL ſee, this night, the food of future ſtory,
Stage ſtruck novitiates ſupplicating Glory,
To make the tides of youthful warmth ſubſide,
To ſhake our firmneſs, or repel our pride;
Should lordly cenſors vilify this aim,
To ſtop our progreſs in the paths of Fame,
We'll all bring damning precedents to light,
To juſtify the error in your ſight.
The wrangling bar, the college, and the gown,
Give every day their actors to the town;
If, ſometimes, Reaſon frowns upon their zeal,
They all have inſtruments to make us feel:
Like ſocial deſpots they enchain each ſenſe,
Arreſt our wit, and beautify Offence.
Arm'd with his brief and band in Rufus' court,
The noiſy barriſter makes ruin ſport,
With foraſmuch, whereby, nevertheleſs, notwithſtanding,
And words that poze the human underſtanding;
But think, I charge ye, ere ye prove the teſt,
For acting there becomes a ſerious jeſt:

The

The ſons of phyſic act a pompous part,
With cabaliſtic phraſe, and dubious art,
Reduce your vital ſtreams, and, what is worſe,
Not only bleed your art'ries, but—your purſe.
Divines, but chiefly they are young beginners,
Too often act when they admoniſh ſinners;
To them, perchance, the fraudful aids are given,
Who act a faith, ſuppos'd, deriv'd from heaven,
Maturing hapleſs deeds, ſo baſe, ſo bold,
As honeſt Satire bluſhes to unfold.

To you belongs a mercy-tinctur'd truſt,
Ye fair, be lenient, and, ye wiſe, be juſt!
Rehearſe ſweet Charity's perſuaſive lay,
May your indulgence ſquare with our diſmay;
Let Candour draw th' opinion from the tongue,
Our minds are callow, and, our frames are young:
Reſponſive Rumour flits o'er this ordeal,
Our hopes are eminent, our fears are real!

VERSES,

Written on ſeeing the celebrated portrait of Mrs. ABINGTON, *as the Comic Muſe, by Sir* JOSHUA REYNOLDS, *at* KNOWLE, *in* Kent, *the ſeat of the* DUKE *of* DORSET.

AS late I wander'd through that ancient pile,
Which SACKVILLE's gen'rous race have long poſſeſt;
Amid its worth I ſaw, with Thalian ſmile,
The Queen of Comedy, and poignant jeſt.

With careleſs attitude, and matchleſs Grace,
She look'd with pleaſant ſcorn on Sorrow's art;
As Cupids, couching in her dimpled face,
Beckon'd the ſight to chain its kindred heart.

Thrice happy DORSET! to poſſeſs a charm,
Whoſe magic influence can baniſh Care;
Extatic bliſs muſt ev'ry boſom warm,
In Knowle's domain, when ABINGTON is there.

Thus Perſia's chiefs, by Necromancy taught,
(As fabled legends of that nation ſay,)
Had each a taliſman, with wonders fraught,
To keep the ills of human life away.

VERSES,

VERSES,

On FEMALE INCONSTANCY.

(Inſcribed to the American Beauty.)

SOME have preſum'd to roam the Cretan maze,
When Reaſon only gave their Wit a clew;
Or ſweep the oozy bed of Perſia's ſeas,
And Hope ne'er bade the labourers adieu.

But none, except by Deſperation fir'd,
Have e'er relied on their reſtricted ſkill,
To gain thoſe heights, Ambition oft deſir'd,
And trace the windings of the female will.

In that frail origin of nameleſs deeds,
That ſeat of Gladneſs, and that womb of Woe;
The mental Olive's choak'd by noiſome weeds,
And Worth and Vanity in union grow.

There wiſh meets wiſh, and ſighs ſucceed to ſighs,
Till each the other mutually annoys;
Their kindred Paſſions wreſtle as they riſe,
And what the Judgment claims, the heart deſtroys.

All-pitying Fate, who gave our race to Care,
And touch'd with peſtilence the human breath;
Correct the ſyſtem, make them wiſe as fair,
And let our heaven antecede our death.

A CELE-

A

CELEBRATED ODE TO BACCHUS:

Supposed to be written by the Hon. MAJOR H——R.

ADVERTISMENT.

ON the 1st of August, 1787, between the hours of two and three in the morning, the following irregular Ode, Hymn or Orgie was performed with all due solemnity at the MARINE PAVILION, on the Steine, at Brighthelmstone. The company present were select, and remarkable for their attachment to the purple God, to whom the saloon was consecrated. The most eminent personages were the PRINCE, the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, the DUKE OF QUEENSBURY, LORD CARLISLE, LORD JERSEY, LORD BRUDENELL, MARQUIS DE CONFLANS, Sir JOHN LADE, Sir BOYLE ROCH, Mr. FOX, COLONEL SAINT LEDGER, COL. FITZPATRICK, Mr. HESSE, MAJOR HANGER, CAPTAIN MORRIS, CAPTAIN PAYNE, COLONEL TARLETON, MAJOR CHURCHILL, Mr. ADAM, Mr. SHERIDAN, Mr. WELTJIE, and Mr. RIGBY. Each British Bacchanal brandished a thyrsus, spirally ornamented with festoons made of Lusitanian grapes and laurel, and fastened with the garters of the nymph he loved best. Mr. RIGBY officiated at this revel rout as the representative of the jolly god, bestriding a hogshead of claret: his car was drawn by Messr. HANGER and WELTJIE, who were habited on this occasion as two young tigers. When they arrived at the temporary altar, the facetious proxy for Bacchus ascended into a niche, cut in the wall for that particular purpose. Mr. RIGBY's brows were curiously decorated with a wreath of vine leaves, gathered in the plains of Languedoc, and artfully intermingled with roses. A small breach of harmony took place during this sublime inauguration by an inadvertent measure on the part of Mr. ADAM, the senatorial architect,

architect, who operated on this important occaſion as manufacturer of the triumphant wreath, and inſerted by accident a white roſe among the reſt; but that point was ſoon adjuſted by the mediation of the PRINCE, and the only future conſequence was, that Mr. ADAM bluſhed, and the white roſe withered.

ODE TO BACCHUS.

The Muſic partly ſelected from PURCELL, HANDEL, ARNE, *&c.*

STROPHE.

ILLUSTRIOUS ſon of Jove and Semele,
Who once lay ſnug on high,
Within the muſcles of your Father's thigh;
To thee we dedicate this pile,
Built for the Heir Apparent of your Iſle,
Who muſt one day,
When Death ſhall call his powers into play,
Embrace his ſubjects as a monſtrous family:
Look down thou ever gracious god,
Attend thy ſuppliant's prayer;
Deſtroy Reflection by thy nod,
And ſhield us from Deſpair.
Oh! guard this conſecrated haunt
From proſtitution vile, and Bailiff dire;
The means to celebrate thy glory grant;
Oh! give us fuel, to ſupport the fire.
Let no baſe caitiff, arm'd with deadly writ,
Annoy the fancy, or congeal our wit.

Give

Give us Euphroſyne, and all thoſe dames,
Who wont of old to ſet the world in flames:
Awaken Phryne from her clay cold tomb,
And call poor Lais from creation's womb;
That we thy hallow'd progeny may ſhew,
Thoſe heathen beauties in an envied row;
Eclipſe King's Place in meretricious fame,
And make the abbeſſes all bluſh for ſhame.
With theſe united, boldly we'll advance,
And follow Pleaſure in the mazy dance,
With jocund ſtep we'll nimbly trip,
As the high mettled tribe,
The grape's celeſtial joys imbibe,
And preſs the goblet to the parched lip.
But, zounds! can we be ſorry, ſad, or ſick,
Who own the influence of laughing DICK?
Oh! RICHARD; name propitious to our cauſe,
To Virtue dear, and honor'd by our laws —
Damme, now I think on't, I'll give you a toaſt —
But, let me ſee,
By heav'ns! I think we've three,
Who're in themſelves a hoſt!
DICK FITZPATRICK, DICK SHERIDAN, and DICK RIGBY,
With many other DICKS that fain would big be;
Come, charge your gaping glaſſes,
High as if drinking Mother WESTON's laſſes;
Come, my roaring boys, prepare,
No *heel-taps*, no *ſky-lights* — all fair:
" Oh! give us young AUGUSTUS for a friend,
" Prieſts without fraud, and RICHARDS without end."

ANTISTROPHE.

Come, ſtretch your ſilver throats, my lads of wax,
To join the *thyaſus*, and glad the god,
Let each diſtend his windpipe till it cracks,
And make the heavenly brandy merchant nod;
That true born Britons may be free from thinking,
And we eternally be drunk, or drinking;
Empty the Thames, the Severn, Humber, Dee,
And bid their vile, inſipid waters flee;
Then exerciſe a privilege divine,
And fill the boundleſs vacuum with wine;
Guard us, blithe deity, whene'er we ſleep,
Oh, lead us from the dangers of the deep.*
If ever I forget thy recent kindneſs,
May black Perdition ſtrike me dark with blindneſs;
May heaven ſuppreſs the greenneſs of my youth,
May I be raviſh'd by the naked truth.†
But this is an epiſode,
That leads me out of the road,

Yet

* Here the MAJOR is ſuppoſed to allude to his providential eſcape, in the ſummer of 1787, from the fangs of a ſhark, on the coaſt of Brighthelmſtone, which ſeized him by the *Glutæi*, while he was bathing with the PRINCE of WALES. When the MAJOR had recovered from his conſternation, and ſolemnly thanked the gods for the preſervation of his ——, he ſwore upon the holy evangeliſts that the voracious fiſh had a human countenance, and was as like JACK MANNERS as one pea is to another.

† This is highly picturesque of the MAJOR's well-founded apprehenſions, when preſiding at the ADAM and EVE CLUB, in Pall Mall.

Yet I hope that mine's a muſe,
Who'll readily excuſe,
This wandering of my pen.
Phœbus, their chief, to cruſh poor GEORGE will pauſe;
If I tranſgreſs the laws,
Becauſe—
I only vex the lady now and then.
'Tis BACCHUS only, ruby God, for thee,
We have eſtabliſhed this feſtivity,
To thee we give the feſtal lay;
To thee we dedicate the honors of the day:
I beg your pardon, His HIGHNESS ſet me right,
To thee we dedicate—the honors of the night.

STROPHE.

May ſpinſters, impell'd by Love's flame, flock around us,
May the demons of Sympathy never confound us;
May we live all our lives,
With profuſion of treaſure,
And kiſs miſers wives,
And adminiſter pleaſure;
May this auguſt eſſay be lauded by that ſtrumpet
Prodigious Fame, till ſhe has burſt her trumpet.
Let our reſplendent Chieftain ſpeak his will,
His faithful GEORGE ſhall combat Good or Ill;
And, mounting thro' the regions of the air,
Embrace old Jove's proud paralytic bride,
Or, in a fit of high-wrought fury, tear
The blue-ey'd Hebe from the thunderer's ſide;

What

What ſay you, lads, ſhall we exert our powers,
Arreſt old Time, and ſubjugate his Hours?
Shall it be ſaid that we deſpair?
Not I; nor you; nor you!
We'll ſeize that bold uſurper, Care,
And beat him black and blue;
Let's drag the Woes of human life along,
We're bold as HUMPHREYS, as MENDOZA ſtrong: *
And, damme, *I'll bet the gods,*
Ten to one,
Or give them — *the long odds* —
The thing is done.

Thou roſeate child of Semele,
Protect this jovial family;
What means this genial light,
Chacing the ſhmates of the ſombrous night?
See the god deſcends,
BACCHUS and we are friends;
By heavens! he's taking off his jacket,
I'll be his *bottle-holder*, while you ſupport the racket.
Damme, PAYNE, the god for a hundred;
Done! Done!
Here's you're fun,
Tho' his ſtomach's ſtor'd,
And he has got his beer on board,
The boy, when groggy, never blunder'd.

Now

* Two noted bruiſers in the metropolis, to whom the MAJOR is indebted for a material part of his education.

Now begin the chorus,
To give him *ſpunk* to drive the dog before us!

CHORUS.

Come, ſpiſſicate that ſcoundrel CARE,
Gruel him, bruiſe him, never fear;
Oh! may the powers gymnaſtic,
Make the ruddy youth elaſtic;
Blood! never fear him, tho' he ſwaggers,
See already how the villain ſtaggers!
Stand up to him ſtoutly, and *tip him a ſtraight one*,
Now *rattle his head*, for the ſlave has a great one,
Croſs buttock the vagabond, *trip up* his *creepers*,
Darken his daylights, and *pepper his peepers*,
Now at his *bread baſket*, juſt in the nick there,
See the dog turns his breech about, give him a kick there.
Zounds! here's a fight ſhould be ſung by Apollo,
For BACCHUS will beat the old reprobate *hollow*.
Now try your might,
Touch him under the left ribs—that's right,
Repeat your blows,
There he goes;
Sew up his eyes,
There he lies,
Never, never, never, never more to riſe!

AN

IRREGULAR ODE,

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE

BEGINNING OF THE WORLD,

By three notorious OLD WOMEN, JUGGY ANDREWS, PEGG TOPHAM, *and* MOLL BELL.

THREE ſprigs of HECATE in three diſtricts born;
The Horſe-guards, York, and Grub-ſtreet did adorn;
The *firſt*, in matchleſs mummery was clever,
And ſold her mother, COMMON SENSE, for ever.
The *ſecond* beldam all the reſt ſurpaſt,
In eaſe and arrogance—to mould the *laſt*;
As Nature's powers could no farther go,
To make a *third*, ſhe join'd the other two;
Who calls mankind to marvel at her dealing,
And gets her pence by—*literary ſtealing*.
Such beldams as theſe ne'er encounter'd before,
And ne'er will again, until Time is no more;
They met in the WORLD, and ſhook hands like Scotch couſins,
And were wedded by Fate, to get *monſters* by dozens.

Theſe

Theſe witches agreed,
In an hour of—*need*,
As the only means left them to fatten and feed,
To mount all at once, on Apollo's own ſteed;
And, by joining their *ſtock*, like three empyric doctors,
To gorge on men's vices, like bailiffs and *proctors*,
The FIRST, a vile ſybil, who ſeeks paupers huts,
To coax little ſpinſters with ginger-bread nuts:
Gave lies and ſalt-petre;
Some malice, ſome metre;
A few pointleſs ſtrokes,
Old ſongs and ſtale jokes;
With witleſs *bon mots* from a vile memorandum;
Which the witch did eſſay,
Once to weave in a play,
But Pit, Box, or Gods could not ſtand 'em.
The * SECOND preſented ſome well-temper'd fuel,
To kindle a flame in the WORLD's buſy ball,
As prejudice, pique, or occaſion ſhould call;
With ample decoctions of weak water-gruel;

Some

* When a near relation of PEGG TOPHAM's was at Paris, a few months ſince, a being of vaſt parts and experience, but rather *forward* in its manners, a very extraordinary affair happened, which, if properly managed, would have led to the acquiſition of a princely fortune; but PEGG's relative, TED, has conſtantly marred the good intentions of Providence in its behalf, by ſuffering its *effrontery* to overpower its *diſcretion*.—(This animal is nearly a *fac ſimile* of the ſexleſs character in the ROSCIAD, and affects to call every thing that is wiſe and natural—*vulgar* and *indecorous*; it dems, jerks, wriggles, and liſps anathemas on ſociety.) As it was walking one evening on the

ſide

Some *cowſlips* half wither'd, and ill gather'd daiſies,
An ounce of crampt wit, and a pound of ſtrange phraſes;
Which ſhe ſtole on the ſide of the Parnaſſian mountain,
When ſhe ſipt the foul ſtreams from the helicon fountain.

The

ſide of the river leading to *Place Louis Quinze*, it was ſeized by three men, and immediately blindfolded, tied up in a ſack, and hurried into a *fiacre*; in that condition it was conveyed to a houſe at ſome miles diſtance from the capital—When it was releaſed from the ſack, it found itſelf in a perfumed bedchamber, elegantly adorned with the loves of LOUIS QUATORZE, and the beauties of the laſt century: after refreſhing itſelf with a ſumptuous collation, and the richeſt wines, it was ordered to put itſelf to bed, when the attendants left it and locked the door; it had not remained long in this ſituation, before an elegant lady, veiled, entered the apartment, whom it ſuppoſed to be the ———————. Not being acquainted with the Gallic tongue, it ſat upright in the bed, and made manifeſt ſignals of diſtreſs; but the lady, by a *coup de main*, ----------:—In the evening of the next day, it was reconveyed to Paris in the ſame manner, and unſacked on the *Boulevards*, without the *Porte Saint Denis*. — Happy had it been for the egregious martinet, if its ill ſtars had not interfered; but poor TED, being of a babbling diſpoſition, and intoxicated with the ſuppoſed honour it had received, could not avoid communicating the whole ſtory, with conſiderable *additions* and *emendations*, to its friends at the CAFFE DE CONTI.—Some ſpies of the Police being preſent, the exultations of the preternatural fop were cruſhed in the bud: — it was ſeized by an *exempt*, — conveyed to the BICETRE, where it underwent a ſevere and exemplary diſcipline, the marks of which it carries about with it to this day,—it made its eſcape from confinement, by bribing the deputy of the priſon with a pair of white ſattin breeches, a box of lip ſalve, and an old Cupid in *alto relievo*.—Its aunt attributes this ſhocking diſgrace to its having had its whiſkers dreſſed remarkably well when it went to Verſailles a few days before, to preſent ſome *rational propoſals* to a great perſonage for eſtabliſhing a commercial paper for the *mutual advantage* of the rival kingdoms.

The THIRD,
More abſurd,
Than the iron-fed bird;
And whoſe brains lacked juice like an over-ſqueezed curd,
Had nothing of *value* to give but her—WORD.
Except a ſmall treatiſe 'gainſt—*running in debt*;
And ſome tomes of the chaſte ARETINE,
With a few comic traits of the fair ANTOINETTE,
When ſhe wanders to ſee and be ſeen.

With ſuch baſe ingredients they cooked up a *haſh*
A vile ſalmagundy of unwholſome traſh,
To poiſon the million, and bring in the—CASH.
To theſe were annexed ſome potations of *pride*,
With a large ſhare of IMPUDENCE thrown in beſide;
Thus ſocially damn'd, their conceptions they utter,
And ſcold, ſcratch, and kiſs, like three cats in a gutter,
Deſtroy beauteous Reaſon as much as they're able,
And have coin'd a *new tongue* like the builders at Babel.

KEN-

KENSINGTON-SQUARE.

A familiar Colloquy.

As four ſtrange nymphs one ſummer's morn,
Ate ſtrawberries and cream,
The ſilent Square of Kenſington
Became the fav'rite theme.

'Twas Truth and Wit, and Spleen and Rage,
Who met by chance together;
In ſweet Pomona's perfum'd cot,
Attracted by the weather.

On what 'twas like, and what 'twas not,
They paſs'd the fleeting hour;
But every ſimile they made,
Seem'd tinctur'd with the ſour.

Keen Wit compar'd it to a hive,
Where drones in myriads cluſter'd;
To feed upon the honey'd ſtores,
That bees with toil had muſter'd.

Said Rage, 'twas built by angry Fate,
To coop up Nuns by dozens,
With this indulgence all might ſee,
Incog.—their Cater Couſins.

'Tis

'Tis ſcandalous, ſaid pallid Spleen,
In running this rude ſtyle on,
When Pam and the grim King of Clubs,
Are all the men—they ſmile on.

Then Roſeate Truth, abaſh'd to find
Her ſex could be ſo cruel,
With decent mien put out the flame,
Her inmates fed with fuel.

You all are wrong, rejoin'd the maid,
I know the Square you mean,
'Tis Purity's terrene abode,
'Tis Cynthia's Magazine.

DE-

DESCRIPTIVE VERSES,

Written Extempore at the King's Head Inn, at Rocheſter.

THE people of STROUD
Talk long and talk loud,
And herd in a crowd,
Traducing their innocent neighbours;
While Envy, by fits,
Mid the congreſs ſits,
Gives a whet to their wits,
And ſmiles on their ſcandalous labours.
This place, like an eel,
Where the publicans ſteal,
Is dirty, baſe, long, foul, and ſlippery;
And the belles flirt about,
With their perſons deck'd out
In run muſlin, and ſecond-hand frippery.

ROCHESTER's a town
Of ſpecious renown,
Full of tinkers and taylors,
And ſlopmen and ſailors,
And magiſtrates who often blunder'd;
Coquettes without beauty,
Old maids paſt their duty,
And Venus' gay nymphs by the hundred.

Vile inns without beds,
And men without heads,
By which poor Britannia is undone:
Extortionate bills,
Anti-venery pills,
And port manufactur'd in London.
Honeſt DICK WATTS * of yore,
Their good name to reſtore,
Decreed (ſuch enormities ſcorning)
Each travelling wight,
A warm couch for the night,
And four-pence in caſh in the morning.

Old CHATHAM's a place
That's the nation's diſgrace,
Where the club and the fiſt prove the law, Sir,
And Preſumption is ſeen
To direct the marine
Who knows not a ſpike from a hawſer.

Here

* In the beginning of this century Mr. WATTS, a moſt reſpectable inhabitant of Rocheſter, built an alms-houſe for the accommodation of poor travellers; and left a ſufficient ſum to allow each of them four-pence on their departure. Mr. WATTS being himſelf a good Chriſtian, and a man of integrity, took eſpecial care, upon every occaſion, to diſcountenance villainy; and, in conſequence of his antipathy to roguery, he expreſsly willed that no *lawyer* ſhould enjoy the benefits of his donation; being doubtleſs unwilling that thoſe perſons ſhould be indebted to him for a night's reſt, whoſe only purſuit in life appears to be directed againſt the *repoſe*, as well as *purſes* of their neighbours.

Here the dolts ſhew, with pride,
How the men of war ride,
Who Gallia's proud firſt-rates can ſhiver;
And a fortified hill,
All the Frenchmen to kill,
That land on the banks of the river.

Such towns, and ſuch men,
We ſhall ne'er ſee again,
Where ſmuggling's a laudable function;
In ſome high windy day,
May the de'el fly away
With the whole of the dirty conjunction!

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

THO' the Law's potent letter Ability puzzles,
We all know too well that it Innocence muzzles;
Like Loretto's old ſane, it yields varlets a living,
And fools give it wealth, for the ſake of the giving;
The Inns of Court tenants at random abuſe it,
And turn it and twiſt it whenever they uſe it;
As children at fairs uſe their gingerbread breeches,
They lick off its gilding, and bite off its riches;
Its frame wants a head, like JOHN LADE or the torſo,
'Tis ſo hideous no effort can e'er make it more ſo;
'Tis the birdlime of reaſon to faſten our ſenſes,
'Tis an engine to puniſh our moral offences;
Tho' 'tis cover'd with filth like the ſtairs of St. Peter's,
The ſenate are daily encruſting its features:
Tho' Wiſdom and Worth bade gaunt Exigence ſend it,
Yet the more we ſurvey it, the leſs comprehend it;
It is crooked, 'tis ſtraight, it is ſquare, it is round,
Like GIBBONS' odd viſage, or Saliſbury pound:
'Tis a thing which rewards not the beings who find it,
And Hope and Deſpair play at bo-peep behind it:
'Tis more difficult far to be right aſcertain'd,
Than the murrane inſcription which Daniel explain'd:
Some tell you 'tis ſable, and ſome ſwear 'tis white,
Some aver 'tis polluted, ſome big with delight;
But Truth owns it wond'rouſly guts every purſe,
And proves Knavery's comfort, and Equity's curſe.

THE

THE METROPOLITAN PROPHECY.

Written on the report of removing TEMPLE-BAR, *in* 1788.

IF that gate is pull'd down 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one maſs, prudent, worthleſs and witty;
If you league Cit and Lordling as brother and brother,
You'll break Order's chain, and they'll war with each other.
Like the great wall of China it keeps out the Tartars,
From making irruptions where Induſtry barters;
Like Samſon's wild foxes, they'll fire your houſes,
And madden your ſpinſters and cozen your ſpouſes;
They'll deſtroy, in one ſweep, both the mart and the forum,
Which your fathers held dear, and their fathers before 'em.

CONSOLATORY VERSES,

To a Lady of great Merit, who had made ſome complainings to the Author relative to the malevolence of little enemies.

WORTH, like the Sun's creative beam,
Calls Reptiles from the duſt;
And, when the noxious race are born,
They crawl, as Reptiles muſt.

Then ſhine and delegate a ray,
To warm the poiſon'd brood;
And ſince your ſplendour gave them birth,
In pity give them food.

A
LOVE EPISTLE,

From a FORTUNE HUNTER, *at* BATH, *to a witty young* HEIRESS.

AH! would I was a ſhepherd ſwain,
To watch my ſheep on Lanſdown plain;
With ſweet ELIZA by my ſide,
My rural, envied, charming bride:
Then ſure my lambs would never roam,
Her ſong would keep them all at home.
To pleaſe my beautiful ELIZA,
I'd walk, ye Gods, from this to Piſa;
Mount in LUNARDI's worſt balloon,
And colonize the faithleſs moon.
Your cheeks are prettier far than roſes,
Your breath's more ſweet than Paris poſies:
Yet why ſhould I thus paint your charms,
When Fate may hold me from your arms.
The little birds that rove ſo free,
Are ten times happier than me;
Say, my ELIZA, muſt I ſigh,
Ah, muſt I languiſh, muſt I die?

Monday Night. POLYDORE.

THE
LADY's ANSWER.

YOU ſilly Fop, I know your thoughts,
You don't love *me*, you love my *groats*.

Tueſday Morning. ELIZA.

MATRIMONY,

In anſwer to a young lady, who aſked the author for his ideas on the ſubject.

'TIS an act of the prieſt to give Patience a teſt;
'Tis a deſperate hope, and a ſerious jeſt;
'Tis catching a dolt, when his wit is ſuſpended;
'Tis a toil, where the labour can never be ended;
'Tis a leap in the dark, which both parties agree,
To perform hand in hand, though they neither can ſee;
'Tis walking thro' mines fill'd with ſulphurous vapour,
Where to find out a path, you muſt brandiſh a taper;
'Tis like Tantalus' feaſt, where the good does but ſeem,
And both ope their eyes, tho' they're both in a dream;
'Tis going to ſea, in a black ſtormy night;
Which Reaſon calls madneſs, but Cuſtom delight:
For Wedlock's a minx who deceives by her ſleekneſs,
As Craft wove a cloak to envelope her weakneſs.
'Tis a comical, tragical, fiery ordeal,
Where the ploughſhares are hot, and your faith is not real.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH *on a* PHYSICIAN.

HERE rots old APOZEM at laſt,
In ſpite of all his knowledge;
The dart of Death tranſfix'd his brain,
And robb'd the ruthleſs College.

Thus lordly Poles imperious rule,
Who make each Province dread 'em;
And lift the ſanguinary ſpear,
To kill the ſlave that fed 'em.

EPITAPH *on an* ATTORNEY.

READER! beware the path you tread,
Leſt, by miſchance you wake the dead;
Nor dream my caution inſincere,
For LAWYER WRANGLE ſleepeth here:
A man to ev'ry demon known,
Who made the ſtatutes all his own:
Conceiv'd in Ruin's baneful womb,
His heart was harder than his tomb.
For forty ſummers at aſſize,
He caſt a film o'er Reaſon's eyes:
But now, alas! his toil is o'er,
Who made us ſweat at every pore;
For now, removed from mortal evil,
He'll do his beſt to—cheat the devil.

AN

EPITAPH,

Literally tranſcribed from a TOMB-STONE, *in a Church Yard, in* BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

"*Ockone, Ockone!*"

TREAD lightly o'er the moſſy turf,
If greatneſs you revere,
Behold this hillock oſier deck'd,
And bathe it with a tear.

Here lies poor EDMUND, turn'd to clay,
At fam'd St. Omer's bred;
Ah me, who has ſo good a heart,
Or eke ſo good a head.

His little life was (hapleſs wight)
To every peril known;
But God corrects, (ſo Patriarchs ſing)
The man he calls his own.

Then EDMUND muſt be bleſt indeed,
Whoſe mark'd with many a blow;
But Faith perverted that to bliſs,
His ſenſes felt as woe.

All

IDEAS OF TIME.

TIME's the great father of our race,
Dreſs'd like an antient mower;
He often ſeems to mend his pace,
Tho' never once went ſlower.

Impriſon'd ſlaves accuſe him,
The infant can't implore him;
And Britain's youth abuſe him,
And ſpendthrifts run before him.

The drunk in Claret ſteep him,
Unmarried girls intreat him;
The watch are paid to keep him,
And rude muſicians beat him.

But ſpite of all theſe mortals do,
Their Parent to enthral;
He'll call Oblivion to his aid,
And extirpate them all.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

POEMS:

BY

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

POEMS:

BY

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

Plus apud me ratio valebit, quam vulgi opinio.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. STRAHAN, NO. 67, NEAR THE ADELPHI, STRAND; W. CREECH, EDINBURGH; J. POTTS, AND P. BYRNE, DUBLIN; AND THE AUTHOR, NO. 125, STRAND.